A Bloody Theory of Divine Light

Immortality and the Golden Age

AE REIFF

A Bloody Theory of Divine Light

Copyright 2022 AEReiff

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword

-A Bloody Theory of Divine Light
-Seed of the Woman
-Too Sacred Ground
-Monster War
-The Hybrid Age and the Obelisk
-Monarch Children
-Mad Science
-The Madness of Artilect 2.0
-Loss of the Golden Age
-Mythological Origins of America
-The Golden Age is Mad
-Nova Golden Age
-Gigantomachy
-Gilgamesh
-Cleaning the Augean Imagination
-Divine Comedy Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso
-The Immortal
-Commentary On the First two Sections of Chuang Tzu, The Book of Zhuangzi

Note: Editing of Bloody Theory for this paperback resulted in some structural changes but the information is the same, if differently organized. The Kindle version has all links live.

Foreword

I first encountered the idea of the Golden Age while living on the Balcones Fault outside Austin. The Balcones Fault then encompassed raw land of ranches, rocks, hills and whisky stills. Right on the side of Hungry Hill I lay in a hammock under cedar trees to see visions reconstructing the myths of the New World. I wrote two works on it, an MFA thesis without an MFA, *A Calendar of Poems,* and a dissertation. The greater import came from intuitions of history and earth. I also planted gardens on that hillside as important as the dreams I had of America, and began to grow herbs.

I worked briefly for NASA before the moon shot and was made to compare the Renaissance view of the new world with how astronomers and astronauts viewed space and their putative travels to the moon and Mars. I saw explorers extend their ideas of myth to their discoveries, that space exploration took a terrestrial analogy as if both space and America were analogies of the golden age.

About the time I also worked for the Clayton Foundation for Biochemical Research as a bottle washer in the labs privy to things not known, refrigerators so radioactive no one would open them, radioactive xylene poured down drains, experimental rabbits and people committing suicide while post docs from far places gave their lives to work there. I also administered the Experimental Drug Garden of the U. run by the Pharmacy College and learned the politics of drugs.

Pretty rapidly after a doctorate in English I was removed from teaching from too many extreme views and enthusiasm. Nothing better not to do, I let matters stand. The writing I pursued since advocates ideas to be hidden. Thus fiction describes the hugest aspect of life inside our minds where these panoramas thrive.

I could not help noticing the disingenuous public narrative seen by living outside the country in Central America. The official line did not extend to natives or foreigners, or to citizens of barrios and ghettos who I knew from neighborhoods after teaching in black colleges of the south and west. PR blew through academic, business and government. Rethinking how renaissance writers said America was a golden age, connected in their minds to early Greeks, and how the Roman Virgil built a fantastic vision of universal government for the worship of Rome as a propaganda Purchas, Hakluyt and Raleigh exploited in the new world, as opposed to satirists who saw carbuncles on Liberty's nose, America snorted up in *terra del fuegoes*.

My take on America in *A Calendar of Poems* (1973) was as a place where children ranged like birds singing songs of innocence, as if children were some kind of mystical kingdom that nobody could see. I called it Ameryca. Midway through that *Calendar* the mythology was overwhelmed by natural disorder and revolution, chickens roosting replacing fairy tales and nursery rhymes with old MacDonald

So science and literature and botany melded with twists and turns coincident with leaving teaching and I stopped writing for some 15 years, but large amounts of material had accumulated in six books of the 80's, along with a practical application of colonization and myth of early Philadelphia, where my family had settled generations before, rediscovered since. Even though born in Philadelphia, much of the connection had been lost by assimilation of the modern immigrants make to lose identity in the melting pot.

These matters came to bear on the foibles around me in myths that appeared in multiple studies of the Oracles who go into and out of their shells, and of a literature, called Guapa Pop which is eaten with Gingerbread Books. Late in the process of editing these manuscripts, producing exceptions and deletions, just at the end a phrase was added about Gilgamesh. Asked for explanation as if Gilgamesh were as a kind of Beowulf, the admission that he was two thirds a god began the bloody light. If you got this far chapters will be added two successive volumes that may appear as *Hallucinatory Eidolia* on the Tower of Babel, and *Banquo's Safe,* on the psychology of assassination. These have been updated.

--A Bloody theory of Divine light

Whether you go far to the future of the golden age promised or back to the past to myths of Enoch and Gilgamesh before the Flood or anywhere in between the precessions, collisions and calendar shifts of the age, on the day that myths turn fact and the images on shirts of the Seven Fold Avenger actually come to your door, keep down. All the neighbors will be firing guns. They think they have a cure when a minotaur runs abroad.

It is the rapture of Spielberg's dreams when harpies and faeries fly over head. Don't call the police. Call your kids, bar the door. There will be gunfire until dawn. The ángel exterminador is a more friendly face than the one to come. What good will faith be against Balrog? Faith will be the only weapon. So plant your garden while we bone up the soil.

It was customary to dismiss the gods as primitive and meaningless leftovers of the ancient world, not as asleep, who might mount an offensive, planned all along. It was laughable that the cultures of benighted nations of the East could threaten

the Christian west, even if Crusaders and Builders harbored these masked in their protocols. This illusion before the palace revolution established the greatest armed political force on earth while people rejoiced in their peace and liberty.

In other words the gods had a second half biding while Christians boasted their defeat. Powerful allies in science and technology brought them back. Isn't that ridiculous? Here come Moloch and Marduke. One hopes there is enough for their pickings, for humanity is all there is, but there are more of us than before.

Here come the gods, sang the Beatles in all kinds of veiled language, once the underpinning was comprehended. Playing dead under grizzly Israel, which went seeking after those same gods, they turned teddy bear. Christians Christianized all their holy days, places and names so it seemed like the gods were hardly much of a threat, but it was all a wait for precessions or equinoxes of the other hundred Mayan Mckennas to appear.

That PR machine had positive spin. No wonder such effort was made to take down the Son, Savior of the World, Judge and King. Imagine if He were true what would come of allegorical steles and obelisks meant to inject supernatural Osiris into the Capitol Dome to unite the great political religious powers in one architecture? Nobody ever believed the end of powers until that idol breaker Abraham came, and his seed, the King. So "he gives judgment among the gods" and has all along.

This is not a twilight of the gods, it is a ruse and misdirection, a return all at once who from the start took their existence from the primordial past.

Everything I've told you so far is the truth
However for innocents we now spell out the fact,

that Fact for us symbolizes Myth
and the new age of earth leads to this

that while someday fact shall once again be fact
for now the two are reversed.

Lions were extinct, wolves on reservations. Under guise of false fear government invented terrorists, to restore fear to the suburbs again. But nobody's afraid. Global government will bail. That was the 21st century when people feared the mall.

So back to ancient Israel, Greece and Babylon, to Sumer we go. Gods come back to earth bring Charles Williams *Place of the Lion* to life or C. S. Lewis' revival of Merlin in *Hideous Strength*. Such invocations do such things toYeats. Who ever thought it real? In the mythic age of fact and myth, each being had a myth and a god. Epona was the Celtic goddess of horses. Every sort of sea god had a myth. A man was anthropomorphic, a lion leontomorphic, a horse hippomorphic as if this were its soul, and archetypes not visible as such were exemplified as heroes. Zeus the serial rapist assaulted and raped at least a dozen women as did his brothers Poseidon and Dis. The rape kits for these attacks have not been developed yet so the results have been suppressed in the fiction that Io enjoyed being violated by a bull. Yeats rejoices in the rape of Leda, glories in her helplessness, thinks atrocity cute. Male critics chuckle at this the way the only literary god we ever had, Harold Bloom feels the thigh of Naomi Wolf and Bill Clinton Monica. Myth gets aroused in the god place, but the god is taking the woman from the man and the woman and the man are one, which means the man is raped by the god.

What is done to her is done to him, them and their children. The sheer violation of the human is that she would bear the bastard child of the gods, not human, part god and as such revered as hero. Imagine if this nonsense were real what would ensue. Then there was no choice, nor will there be. It's not just the Greeks either for all religions suffer intrusions of earth. When the Greeks say humans are the plaything of the gods that represents a means of coping with circumstances larger than ourselves: the myth. Myth meant to succor uncertainty by picturing a story that selects itself. If myth is fact, then part god part man is a hybrid, not a man. And the god is not a god.

So what's the new myth? That myths were never true, mere inventions? Joseph Campbellgogues want to say they speak a reality like the fate that trapped Oedipus, that not only are their speculations true, but supernaturally true, irresistibly true. False

myth and true fact made a swift reversal in just decades and made a new reality selecting new man so primitive, everyone around would be afraid. Who has not observed how thoughts produce mass homicide in video games, porn concerts, pop idol worship? Demigods half don’t know if they have been tampered with. Tampering means under aegis of another power, releasing the will to another, the same surrender they deny to God, who demands heart and mind, released to Sevenfold Avenger, at least for a time. So bloody negative we can’t materialize our thoughts, we think to get it back when the mask and paraphernalia are taken off.

This most ridiculous idea of fantasies is that they will materialize outside us and come to our door. It were pointless to argue they are there if you don’t see. Fantasies live in the fear. Reaction to this can be measured by YouTube viewers celebrating the grave of Gilgamesh as harbinger of the return of Niburu, the moon Iapetus reversing fields until it leaves orbit and heads to earth. So many fantasies, so little time. When the images of terror transferred from bedroom walls are tattooed on the mirrors of fearful souls, start the human resistance, start with Abraham because you’re gonna shotgun Zeus.

--Seed of the Woman

Epic poems encompassed space and time in the mythic so that events that happened long before impinged on the present. Future Earth as a meeting place of the heavens stood for gods mostly, who worked out their jealousies and foibles with intrusions from the below the earth too, from the dead so to speak. The one thing gods wanted on earth was a girl. Zeus wanted girls, Niobe, Leda, Danae, Europa, plenty more, Io.

Hera was jealous. Gods wanted Persephone…Apollo wanted Acacallis, Posidon…Dis…etc. Where do these gods come from? Human invention, or superimposed from below or above seems to cover the bases. The jobless call them beings from another civilization, from Niburu, but do not follow misdirection.

The girl stood for life to its fullest, the joy of love, nothing better, no greater ecstasy or joy. The girl was everything. Get the girl and you get the gold. The gold girl was life for the man and after, a heritage, with children and a piece of land. These ideas came to a people immersed in earth, air, water and fire that they felt everyday. When was your last fire? The girl, the mother, the child were all ubject to conquest by the man, politics, war, religion. Why? No reason other than because they can. It was for power. These people were not so afflicted with individualism. They lived and died under the mercy that their name, family, tribe, people, way of life went on when they passed. Death was not anything except a part of life, not something to be resisted. To be immortal was a sham so that all life was held hostage, while you lived you didn't live. Free to live, work, suffer, they did so without the heroic measures science has forced upon us all. More than heroic measures, artificial livers, kidneys, hearts, fingers and toes. It was better to die to them than receive such controls. Without these things they lived and died. Science took all that away and substituted neuroses for long life without corrective choice. You can just get a new heart, reprogram genes, not let go, but suffered to remain iatrogenic in test tubes, beakers, DNA samples, cryonic tanks to maybe raise up with the evil of science and contradict all that life on earth held as good

from the first, life among herds with the girl, a wife, and children under sky in fields.

Odysseus was the first wise Greek, not half divine like Achilles. He was faithful. What he did to the suitors is what any man should want to do to Zeus for his ten thousand crimes against humanity, against woman. As Odysseus protected Penelope, impaled the suitors on the bier, all men must to the gods who come hunting woman. List the god offenses, the gods against humanity are huge. Greek, Babylonian, the crimes of Zeus.

New Golden Age

They call themselves scholars, researchers, investigators, alarmists who pose the arrival of this new golden age. Their research says overpopulation, degradation of resources, threats of revolution will bring an end, but a golden age will ensue. Whether Hades or heaven however, the golden age that pretended health, three harvests and long life with ease was always a state of death. The opposite of what they say is true. We have been living in the golden all our lives and thought it myth. Now it becomes fact.

Things are just opposite. The peasant farmer, hungry and benighted, ignorant of higher math, who had music and art, and even more, community, had no difficulty until he became an individual, coincident with the rise of science. In about a hundred years science and scholars made over communities into new tribal forms of society, but not like the old that lived on earth under sky. Compare the number of days and nights peasants spent in air, under sun and star against what the modern does. The modern is more like the putative escapees to Mars, who when their living failed built a planetoid space ship as the moon Iapetus and have lived off Saturn inside it ever since. Worse than any prison, shut off from the natural, the analogy holds for people who live in rooms and watch flickering screens, who lose their health contemplating images in a mirror that reflect only themselves without the benefit of lines of weather, age and grandparents.

The golden age appeal to justice, good will, fairness and peace for these people, when such virtues only just disappeared in

their lifetimes is a demagogue in fact. Behind the appeals for justice come prophets of all kinds who will fix it with facts of their own twisting, concepts that explain nothing, but delivered in the demagogue style with plenty of emotion and fear, repetition and long jumps. New facts overwhelm people overwhelmed already by artificial food engineered to make them hungry and then sick. Mistaken society is so sick it can be made better by them, at least in promise, but more sick with dissatisfaction, so that it can never be healthy, meaning young or beautiful like the models it offers in ads and runway shots in negligees, the promise of perfect health and long life suckered in. Already manipulated into obesity, individuals believe almost anything you scare them into. Selected facts twist the false into the true. Give examples of this?

Are we saying we should be members of herds, like sheep? We were always subject to forces except we're sold the idea that we're not, that we are individuals. Are we asking to become Luddites and hate the present future past? The demagogues have all their news men out questioning aggressively any voice that challenges their view. See, it breaks control. We were always subject to forces so that ultimately our only choice is to live or die.

Know for sure these things are all grossly horrified that in our time those fallen gods come back to whisper, then shout their obscenities over the high places. These massive defecations that pose as light constitute a major combat of angels. Every part and parcel of the high knowledge is necrophilic, but no results are found in the search for "defecations of light." Like the whistle blower who was to reveal the reptile practices but canceled because he said it would do more harm than good, the fear is that people would be so repulsed at these practices that the revelation would refute itself. To say this is its own refutation. Such a term as dragon blood is a metaphor if we get the meaning, for it is neither dragon nor blood. It is so inimical to us that we can only address it in metaphor, all the more precarious since its celebration in Tolkien and every such romantic saga, written by the same forces of dragon that create them. Reptile blood is the generic. To call it what it is.

Whose digestive system is so disturbed and what has it consumed? Oh do not ask what is it? The portal of the *Novus ordo seclorum* is its anus, which anatomical model of the journey down references eyes, mouths, bloodstreams, then intestines (the Malbolge). Then Dante's enigmatic passage into the Malbolge about what point he must have passed, disgusted, is appropriately clear (Canto XXXI), as if what would be in the scheme of schools and higher orders of learning arks of diamonds streaming in meteors across the sky were feces. Secret Doctrine and mystery religion dictating Atlantis, Stonehenge, black holes, Bermuda Triangle, sun worship?

Enoch says the fallen assume "many different forms in defiling mankind and lead them astray into sacrificing to demons as gods" (I.19). Feces of rocket ships out of alien portals, spiral portals of snake gateways in the sky take the multidimensional wisdom of the Malebolge as the sum of all occult wisdom; it is a reverse toilet that flushes its refuse into our world, though up and down mean little in dimensional settings, where a toilet bowl is worn as a fish hat. The bowl flushed into our noosphere does not transmit diamonds of light, but waste to defile, for the true diamond, the true gold is what we already have on earth that Nephilim want for themselves. Both bowl and hat are up and down depending on how worn, but the "wisdom" is polluted. Waste away! Nephilim are second only to the fallen angel eidolon in these deceits, whose universe is behind ours and needs to open such portals to come through.

The largest scientific consortiums of the world sponsor these entemenaki- baba-alu, the opening of Abzu, gate of hell-torn immortals. The Ninth Circle is reserved for that faculty of intellect joined with brute force and evil will. The coming through is to be en masse, a digestion gone wrong, a corporate structure, a mass evacuation of mustard parts. Rulers, kings and scientists make deals with these portals because they think to gain access to the immortal life of published Nephilim designs. These designs mask as the golden age: good weather, three harvests, long life, which, being translated, means immorality, chemtrails and GMO food, with a bonus thrown in as voice to skull technology called inner wisdom. This is the "light" of Satan's intestine broadcast into earth. It is alimentary Mr. Watson. These are the defecation angels, apologies to Jack.

PupPoets are heroes of this unworld of undigested giants. They speak for Giants who might be compared to alien farmers who grow PupPoets to serve and eat, as well as the general populace to consume. It puts a whole new sense on food. If we understand it is more the mind than meat they seek, the more is eaten the more they need, but then new planets are required to devour. Giants aren't space aliens. They are endemic to earth to glorify space exploration to spread the disease. It's not as if poets couldn't think of anything else to write. Perversion, lust and dissolution spill. "Stated boldly," one tweeter said: "Today's Troy is Freudian in myth, Jungian in archetype and pagan in scene, a surrealist combo of dreamlike change." There's no freedom of expression or inspiration in that, or dictation of the divine. It is the hydrocephalic obesity that death embodied long before. On Mt. Hermon at Baal Peor Spit-lust desolation angels, princes of desolation were lords. Mount Cognentis Olympus Solipsis. This imaginative poverty spreads in writer's work and ilk. In the Book of Giants, and plenteously in Enoch, "the land is crying out," that giants are offspring of the defecation angels. Those angels' lust made "every animal, every bird [a target] for miscegenation (Book of Giants, 1Q23 Frag), "the outcome of demonic corruption, violence, perversion, and a brood of monstrous beings. Compare Genesis 6.4)." Oh dear. Writers surrender to the apocalyptic constant of their Troy, the excavation which convenes at the Troy Horse Neptune War Roundup, The Palms of David and The Book of Kurk Wold [where all OOks and Orcs] hold this view. PO-EATS-here!

to abstract the topology of the human torso to space, the planet Liver, the satellite fart, the comet fingernail, or from the rides at Disneyland, Mr. Toad's Wild Ride, Pirates of the Caribbean, Haunted Mansion, Alpine Matterhorn, not just digestive allegories that follow the underworld/gastrointestine theme, except the soul within the body is the Inferno. So many space names come from myth. Why has hell moved to the planets in scientific discovery? Paradise could as easy be there. Amaranthus might bloom, or Salvia. It suggests in space discovery a ruse afoot to deceive, with the bare exception of the moons of Uranus named for the characters of Shakespeare, Miranda, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania, and Oberon, as if the localities

of Phlegathon, Archeron, Styxeron were a damned development of Birnam Wood, with streets like Bloody Hands, Serpent Underneath and N'er Be Clean to neighbor nearing Dunsinane. It tells more about the namer than the thing. Surely they have plans to unveil a new psychology planet, Oedipal Complex, Medusa, Medea, Murderous BiPolar, before they get round to naming them for the denominations of BitCoin.

But to face these substitutes is not the tyranny of Greece over Germany, or Philo over Hegel. It doesn't matter whether canonizers of the accepted, the good, the true and the beautiful, are talking about Shelley, Byron, Keats, Whitman, Wordsworth, Dickinson, Dickens or Crane, the canons of order declare them righteous as planets, in whom, if you will pardon the descending rungs of this analogy, the cousins of astronomers, critics, have located the unrelenting dementias of hell. The inevitable return of our thought upon ourselves in every case of literature, physics and astronomy is obvious simply in the way planetary and psychological landscapes are named in the 181 natural satellites. Astronomical convention names its bodies in a Plutonian system of mythological Greek and Roman deities, demons and geography of the Underworld. The moons of Jupiter were named for characters in the life of the demon Zeus, but why should the Jupiter be so named? "Following tradition is strongly encouraged!" say the NASA authorities. Not that this is any different from calling Uranus and Neptune the Ice Giants, as if they were taken from the mythology of the Abenaki with Caucasoid glee. But what tradition is that? The nephilim! What about the Gas Giants? Scientists reserve that for themselves. Most of Jupiter is filled by an underground sea that so squashes its hydrogen you can drink it, so they belly up also there.

The gods and their wisdom powers, Adam Kadmon, idol of this invention and Blake's Albion, are other guards in this prison. The illusion is that there was a pagan diaspora and the Romantic poets idea of the gods returns, "they will return, the gods for whom you weep." But they never left. That they revived as the illumined Kadmon is false because they never left, but always ruled in the fashion of their illusion. Every spot, every couch in

the bower of science and philosophy, oh poetry what have you there, is a Delfica of Apollo, ode to the oracle sport of Skynet - Space Fence

Blake's Tyger was his system of mind-forged manacles in this myth-science, a commonplace perhaps. Geoffrey Hartman's affection for the notion in his latter day delivered the statement that the misprision of our imaginative powers, the exploitation and institutionalization of human fears about them...Mankind, a self-bound Prometheus, exudes the "net of religion" from the guts of his own imagination and, taking the gods literally, worshiping these invented giants, becomes entangled in the net. (*Scars of the Spirit*, 152).

To amend this concept of institutionalization, imagination reveals a far worse state than the imprisoning of religion and state. Instead, we face a vast illusion of evil masked as a good, and this is exemplified in the idols and stars of all human institutions, the Queen of England and all the way down, but masked by a good, uninvented but mirrored, utter evil through and through. By its own perverted justification of itself it requires itself to give open clues of its contempt and desecration of all good. So with the statement, all institutions are demonic (Hedges, Tillich), and the knowledge that all journalism is disinformation along with scientific research and philosophy, we are setup for the annihilation of the human. Two terms above need redefinition, gods and invented giants, which redefinition briefly is that gods are Nephilim and giants are their progeny along with Men of Renown of Genesis 6. Of that same text which Hartman generally alludes to in such phrases called "censorious monotheisms," that "recent scholarship has questioned the assumption that ethical monotheism is a spiritual advance" (Scars, 153), Levinas says is a deceit of morality. If we pull aside the veil cast over institutions, science and literature, as we must do now before the illusion of freedom is completely caught in the net of these demons, we must urge not censorship of the gods, but their annihilation. And that right early! (Psalm 46).

In the middle years of these wars of the gods comes an image out of Winslow Homer, a man in rowboat on a dark sea who appeared, buffeted at the bottom of a rectangle of storm clouds

that swirled with twisted faces. Supercharged as the War of Neptune to concoct deception of the Bohemian Grove-Mammon-Ishtar-Isis killers, suddenly the whole image was rent down the middle, destroyed by a figure of light, a man. These forces had raged over my citation of the proposition, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God. I was reciting this New Testament psalm as these surrounded me, as if it were Psalm 8 of the Old. I cannot exactly say what they were, these phantoms, spirits in the night. Defending against the attacks, but not happily or utterly, the only proper defense being their annihilation, right in the middle of this psalm-saying, I called out the name of Jesus (the Blessed). In an instant there was such peace that my son's chow, an overnight guest, came and lay beside my bed. Such peace I have not felt in sleep for years, stillness and peace that I carry along with the Blessed. Not for the first do I think we under estimate the man and woman if these images come in their sight, or wonder how they are so prepared to fight.

Illusionists train their children in ritual and pain-divided alters from before birth. Christians do not but await the spirit to turn the hearts of the children toward the Father. Free will they will call it. Many are called, few are chosen. Antagonists of these children cry foul every time repayment falls upon them, and that's how the world will end, to general applause from wits who think it's a joke. Then the burglars who claim to be pacifists will inhabit a controlled universe which they ordain, self-initiated burglars, but the Christian gets no sort of "hel" "p," is just left to be and to be. These swirling spirits which he can't see, Screwtape live, *Pilgrims's Progress* or Dante Inferno take off in image and fact, whatever that is, not fiction, but real. Then the man calls on the name of the Blessed and the heavens cleanse and he is flooded with peace. It makes you think more is going on than meets the eye, as if the appalling human evils and inquisitions and archipelagos were not enough, but that all asylums, prisons are modeled upon the fallen spirits of these Neptunean kings. Spiritual wickedness in high places. We're a lot more important than we think we are.

In all this the bishops of Lit like to speak of the literary canon, themselves the canonizers, who form a church after the Roman

style where those they let in have all the mark of saints, universal, descriptive, miracles, the works, while in the main these bishops disbelieve any authority other or greater than themselves. These are the Elohim priests, fish gods of Dagon crowned idol. Their works are swordship, casting in and out, building up and taking down. They mightily disbelieve an author other than their true Nephilim. "Milton's Counterplot" in Geoffrey Hartman's *Critic Journey* shows Hartman much the devout believer in canon, even if against his wishes, for Hartman rationally loves Milton's thought and sees the interplay of its images without having to decimate its smooth sky.

"Angel forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves..."

The created world is a Shelter against the fallen sons of God and their giant Egregori, these inverted demonic "brushed with the hiss" who the "belated Peasant sees," that "careful Plowman." All the more reason for the fallen to demolish the shelter of creation within the councils of strangelet cabinets. It was not such of old: "Paradise Lost was written not for the sake of heaven or hell but for the sake of the creation...whether man can stand though free to fall, whether man and the world can survive their autonomy." (*Journey*, 118)

I find it saddening that the things Hartman wanted to know and extract from the poets his huge erudition denied him direct access to, for it cannot be known by study or thought. He quotes Stevens wistfully, and Blake and Wordsworth who he knew so well. He was drawn to "the mysteries of biblical figures that had to shoulder the burden of a divine election (3), ...literary sublimities I could not live up to, even in maturity." I feel his separation from himself and from the emotion he does not have for the readings of Midrash or Psalms, "I hear only the void shouting back." "I adopted myself out to the words blowing in the wind and insights that detached themselves from what I read" (*A Scholar's Tale,* 147). Hartman says he wanted to write "beyond the middle style" (*A Scholar's Tale,* 152). He was unwilling to give up a visionary kind of verse, but was a realist, not a Baptist who takes the kingdom of God by force. He wanted "to stand in the presence--a wish that has never left me. I have kept a belief in the possibility of a direct line to the truth, if only

through the medium of literature" (8). He says to his seminar that it might take all their time to unpack "strange fits of passion I have known" but he outwardly looks in.

In those fits, leaving Wordsworth alone with Annette, could be all the embarrassing moments he seeks apology for in his colleagues' Nazi lapses, if by that is understood their betrayal of the canons of righteousness commonly held, and not the impiety of Blake snatching the angel away to view the bottomless. Blake shows disregard for convention entirely, slaps it down, impugns it royally, as if his doctoral candidates would go utterly stoned into their orals after making love for the hours before. Indeed the premature Absolute Hartman likens Medusa to a historical reality, a Medusa if you like of Chemtrails or digital backdoors. I think he rationalizes as the "the ideal of immediacy" itself the "direct intuition of reality," which he cannot apprehend (35). Medusa, whether our historical reality or inner archetype is the uninitiated conspiracy of paganism of the self.

Because of Hartman's association with Harold Bloom I looked up that Department of One, as he considers himself, whose love of kabbalah must inspire his love of comparing Merrill and Yeats and his gematria, "six is the perfect number," he says for days of creation, just as far off, for there were seven days of creation and the seventh the most important of all. Somewhere both Bloom and Hartman confess with a little regret that they are not poets, but they are word smiths. Bloom says "I summoned metalepsis," I rewrought Kenosis, I called apophrades, (*Anatomy of Influence*, 194) like some Prospero or Faustus he blinks, which shows the deeper nature of his possession. To call a literary critic possessed might be the best compliment he ever gets.

If you're a scholar you have to pretend you believe in the zeitgeist, in Barthes, deconstructs, new critics, going back and in their kosherness, like Loch Ness, of Curtius, Auerbach, Wellek, you know the kind, the masters of mind, not quite Herman Wouk or James Watt or Creel who cast doubt on the whole paradigm of anti-lit, anti word and want to uphold the word. It's almost as if Yale got a stipend from DARPA to further

disconnect humanity from its sources in order to deconstruct the genome, and now, famously the mind, rat mind meld.

How far and to what end Bloom gives in to his daimonia is questioned with his praise of the Satanic in Shelley and Yeats, whether daimon in the Greek is the muse at all, or whether the muse of Milton, Urania say, is something altogether different, opposites. When Bloom speaks of the ruins of Sacred Texts (Truths) it is really sacred subjects in poetry, especially Milton he is after, by all means to exalt the character of Satan, pretty old hat since Blake and his imitators.

Hartman wants to save the sacred even if he feels duty bound to give the devil a due date. He was denied the community of worship into adulthood so does not feel the joy of worship in his devotion that he says his wife does. Still he wants to keep faith with the words, "the possibility that there was an original meaning or a specific and authoritative act of designation" He is a sad wrestler who asks "where did that authority, that performative strength come from?"(*Third Pillar*, 31), where that "truth claim of the Bible, Auerbach says, is so imperious that reality...is not dwelt upon" (30).

He admits that all his doubt upon text and author from Barthes and on stems from German 19th century higher criticism of the Bible which "analyzed a unified, authorless narrative into its redacted and blended strands" (28) at least that is what is taught by his scholars. He cites Gunkel, who thought the psalms and Abraham never practically existed, and Speiser, more destroyers of the sacred text and fathers of Barthes. He cites numbers 15 through 18 of Propp's list of the components of the fairy tale, just to show that he's not going to give in easily to loving the Word, as if he werewolfing a survey of evil interpretations of Jacob's wrestling with the angel. In such thinking, by the frequency of citation, he would believe much more in the Redactor, than in either author, truth, or word, let alone the Father of all. But he does not believe in the werewolf, however Bloom does, and is a good example of Nephilim thought, all dazzle bedazzle, pick it up and hide:

"One labyrinth in which the Father, Minotaur-like, can be slain, is the Gnostic model adopted by learned skeptics from Denis Saurat to A. D. Nuttall. I am reasonably certain that you can

associate Sir Henry Vane's and the Muggletonians' Inner Light with Milton's temple-of-one, but Kabbalah and Ophite Gnosticism remain remote from the shadowy abyss of Paradise Lost." (*Anatomy of Influence*, 107)

Whether there is substance here is impossible to say. The coruscations of light decay as they shine. Truly a possessing state of the Nephilim, critic Bloom reminds of someone going to see a film but who first reads up in the classic film books what the opinions are and afterward spouts them as his own. This instead of just looking at the film for himself. Bloom truly has an *Anxiety of Influence*, as he says, a deep insecurity that unleashes extraordinary energy as does any fission, but he is completely lost, the world is spinning too fast. But all this passes in the pic of Bloom at 84 with all the flesh swatted off his face. Influence as the covering cherub depends on your view, whether Lucifer or Satan covers, but since they are the same, the notion that the poet/critic occupies the Throne so covered and is hence his own deity is proved another instance of hubris presumed. Get your hand off that girl's fly, Bloom.

I come to all this grateful for a chance to understand civilization in its highest and best thoughts, marginally anyway, for I was never the companion or even had discussions with these sensibilities outside of entering the holies with JCC III in graduate school. Geoffrey Hartman may be an example of one who has known them all. He cites Christopher Smart several times in his *Scholar's Tale* for his poetry that would pierce "the screen Twist thing and word…language straight from the soul." Smart's life would not be sought as a trade off for this. Hartman says he would "consider that [the poet] a mad and heroic endeavor beyond" (84) himself, but I have loved Smart from first contact, and am glad he is given an almost admission into the canon, like the fox going across the stream who gets his tail wet, the last hexagram of the *I Ching*, Almost There.

All the understanding I have of philosophy and criticism comes from wrestling with poetic issues first hand, so only because of that and not from brilliant study do I recognize their importance when Hartman cites the oblique circuitry, the history of trash, the extracanonical, multidirectional reading, thesaurus of old stories and fantasies against the scientifically correct. To me

that demonstrates that we ourselves are capable of ourselves. I admit to being kindled to all this thought, otherwise it were for naught. One explanation of my absence from academic discourse is that faculties are so desperately dull and self-consumed.

Mr. Hartman loves Blake because of his direct apprehension, to question the visionary company of the Romantics. He cites *Numbers* 11 that "would that all the Lord's people were prophets." But poetry is removed from direct access, which is not in words, to "walk in the light of your presence oh Lord, we rejoice in your Name all day long, we exult in your righteousness." This fine gentleman sought this existence, but I get to live through his last four books the *gemütlichkeit* I forfeited to live the estranged life of access. Further sympathies with Hartman's "wish to be affirmed, to stand in the presence--a wish that has never left me. I have kept a belief in the possibility of a direct line to the truth, if only through the medium of literature" (*Scholar's Tale*, 8). He cites Wallace Stevens that the great poem of earth is still to come, the interlingual cues that make him aware of similarities (124), the minimalism of a memory trigger that can produce by sonic accident some associational string, the realia, the sound value of words he locates in Smart's literal, "sound reasoning." The first two notions I hold of verbal obscurity are of the Elizabethans who were obscure, especially Donne, and Herbert, even if they're not Elizabethans.

The poets are always read after their deaths, and not only the letters of their ancestors are remaking their lives as we live. The second of obscurity is the inevitable conclusion of conspiracy that if the work does not serve the foreordained purposes of hierarchy then it must be obscured, although to what purpose, when it can be easily ignored, one knows not. Is the apple cart that insecure that it might overturn this modern phenom since '45, shall we say from the beginning of cloning?

Delusions of psychiatry occur in the search for divine archetypes. It turns more desperate when allegorists seek the prepotent word. Stop right there. Poets wanted in piecing the cowl! Robert Frost's cowl at birth, James Merrill's (David Jackson) Ouija, Charles Olson's peyote chips. No wonder they take mind altering drugs, practice magic -- poets want to Break

on through where the subtext is connect with the power pre Sumerian Nephilim. Resuming this sacred demented theurgy, the oracle and its *imitatio dei*, sacred dramas of the Washington Monument impregnate the Capitol Dome. Imitators of the gods hold guru asps to their bosom, pretend they are Isis. Does Blake overthrow metaphysics to stand naked in the universe the way he was made? Never. He is clothed in Delphic laboratories of world peace.

Broken Texts

Broken texts are relied upon as a ritual almost, clay sculptures fall off the table, sink, implode, having been pushed too far. Any number of disasters befall so it can become an active means of composition, which at least ensnares freshness and unexpected spontaneity to the work. To apply this to writing makes a broken text. But to apply it to clay, a pot I tried to make after it got pushed too far and totally fell, the deal is that the clay still has to be used, so it got made into a large protuberant figure to be called Molly or Maggie. Maybe I think intuition in the nature of clay is like the hyper grammatical, each jot and tittle even mathematical. But no, to me language is sound and sounds skewed, consonant assonant meanings misspelled with punlike contextual corporate collective meanings along with image yes, but of the sound itself, therefore flowing and changing as the clay that falls forms the pot. There are two of these, the other, still to be fired, came as a result of a failed tapestry, then cut in half and formed as such.

When Stephen Spender says it is in the Seen that word poems remind us of some other inner state, I think of the phrase, *to walk in the light of Your presence*. Whole books and long meditations try to plumb this meaning as the same phrase continues and builds, to rejoice in your name all day long. There are multiple envelops of experience that contain the letter, the word, the sound, the grammar. This is so much more than literal that it exists in the song upon the bed all night long that David wrote about and the song when awakening that feeds the brook, the stream, the spring that recedes from consciousness in day but surges again in night and plays, sings, murmurs, shines all during the instruction of sleep that is the instruction all night long.

Spender gets at this experience of language as the ground Heidegger is after, not philosophical, it is the song in the night, not poetical even, it is much more. I both participate in and view the simultaneous presentation of these events when waking. Enormous to express, they are simultaneous and rotate in the mind with clarity, welcome insights that feel good to see and know.

If I did not make this note the process would be gone from conscious memory. Hartman's Heidegger calls "for a liberation of hermeneutics from its dependency on texts...it is Being itself, according to Heidegger, not the text that "calls" to us in those poets." This is what Spender is after. However the meaning exists and whether it calls to us like the new birth, and we hear the sound thereof but know not whence it comes or wither it goes, the text provokes the meaning and meaning makes the text grow so that it is a new birth, which becomes a song.

-Too Sacred Ground

Isaiah commenting on Yeats' life might say "those who pursue their own imaginations...who sit among the graves and spend their nights keeping secret vigil...who spread a table for Fortune and fill bowls of mixed wine for Destiny...are too sacred" (Isaiah 65). Being too sacred means attributing metaphysical origins to acts in foretelling an imputed result were that action to occur, that is, divination. That there may be acts not sacred enough is also a possibility, but too sacred means a subversion of the human will and hence responsibility for the choices when they lie outside the human. All of the energies of Yeats' sacred secret society that he belonged to for thirty years taught these mechanics of foretelling, so the odor of the sacred overhangs him not only in his notion of opposite states, which resembles Blake, *without contraries is no progression*, but Yeats vests the poles with equality. Sources no one would want to admit sharing with him in this include G.R.S. Mead, Paul Foster Case, Israel Regardie, S.L. Mathers. These private jibberings give understanding of the delusions and illusions he suffered, there being no formula for human existence or art.

Curses and rituals rebound upon the doer and speaker. Blessings do too. So for all the effort Yeats' wife George made to influence him in child conceiving, the blown up prophecies of children, starting with the fatuity with the birth of Ann, their first child, who was to be...a boy, "the son..."the Arabic astronomer," the "avatar," "savior for Ireland" (127) that he and George were to "reincarnate" (Maddox, 123) a seer, Yeats never spent time with his son Michael, who became a barrister, until he was 17. This is pathos. Not that it differs much from the unspoken illusions of every parent, except Yeats high opinion of himself documented in his letters, vision writings and tales is the fodder told by scholars on every occasion, as if Yeats were a spy of the CIA run by controllers who manipulate him to their own ends. George was his controller and he the willing occult subject. So she would have had their first child to be a boy to fulfill Yeats' name and her position as wife and mother of a son. This line was foisted upon her invented controllers as all the while Yeats incorporated these controllers into his poems, Thomas, Rose, Aymor, "the symbols he had been receiving through the Script since his marriage' (Maddox, 131). That the information was wrong and the child was a girl was just another event explained by true belief.

Passivity is a necessary underlying attitude for magic, except perhaps in its leaders who practice manias, Mathers, Blavatsky, Huysmans, a long list. The underlying premise is that to reach the ground of the spirit the man must be passive, a stance identified with the feminine, which it is said, more directly apprehends the face of light. So the man says, with the woman, the creed, such as, "through me its unfailing wisdom takes form," "I am guided moment by moment along the path of liberation," "I draw all things needful," "supported,' "rest.' The sentences themselves are of passive construction, "the kingdom of spirit is embodied in my flesh. This making passive is seen (!) when the masculine and feminine are paired in those pics where the woman looks up, or over, or in, and the man looks out, signifying opposites of action and meditation. This becomes convincing to popular psychology, more so when the exoteric is contemplated with the esoteric. The exoteric is the outer world of fortune telling and divination; the esoteric is the inward state of idea, never however as a form of divination, that much debased act which masks, as taught, the truth of the self as fortune. Turning philosophy to divination was the essence of these secret societies as they were practiced. Divination consumed Yeats, who wanted to know from his sources what to do, when to do it and why he did it. As with every mania this consumed all in its practice except those it didn't, that is, Yeats. If you could know the future would you want to? This presumes it is worth, as Yeats sought, knowing the sex and destiny of his children and a thousand other questions for which he cast his hoary charts, when to get his tonsils out, on and on. Let it be said sooner rather than late that what you know you cannot unknow; thus the future hung over Yeats as a sword, only countered by another cast of fate, whether Tarot, astrologic or some other. Not to know the future and live in faith is the single greatest gift. The betrayal of the inner for the outer trumps occurs dramatically in the novels of Charles Williams, another member of that society, and associate of Yeats.

Divination is its own curse. Drug prophecy the same. No better example exists than Yeats. There's no question Yeats exhibited a massive synthetic intelligence. He used occult mechanisms to achieve his images as much as Faulkner used bourbon, a quart a day, but no one else can do it. There's no way to compare him to an average case. His mass of sexual insecurities, automatic

writing, tarot, hypnotism, astrology, magic rituals, infused with his love of the dramatic and social life and philosophies collected in his own folklorish research, 30 years in the Golden Dawn, reveal he had no talent of his own for the gift of prophecy, unlike Balaam say. His wife George and the Stella Matutina were his graduate school and college into the images of the gyre and its surroundings. That he turned this hodgepodge into the melancholy measure of his later appealing work is his own doing. His life divides this way especially after his marriage, itself a studied affair, in 1917. But for all this is said about him, all words, in the end his words ring authentic.

The foundation of Yeats' philosophy abstracted to its source, that later spun off the creed of the Liberal Catholic Church and BOTA, was the number series 0 to ten and the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. How the Romantic poets concocted their own religion out of poetry is superseded by Yeats, who went them one better, creating a poetry out of rituals and symbols from Irish myth, Madam Blavatsky and the Golden Dawn with "lashings of Blake and bits of Freud, Boehme, Swedenborg and Nietzsche." (Brenda Maddox. *Yeats' Ghosts*, 89). Yeats was a member of such groups for thirty years and took their pattern of theosophy and kaballah as his education in place of college. There is however in this a set of attitudes as important as their ideas.

When the prophet Isaiah and the poet David speak of the ground of the spirit with masculine daring, great boldness and cutting edge intention they say things no one would dare to say. In this they depict the ultimate daring of the Lord who exceeds them in audacity. This is to say that the masculine active penetrating audacious speaking of the prophets and the Lord, copied by Milton and Blake, and others to be named, is in direct opposition of all the spiritual wisdom offered in the occult creeds.

He commands the sea, tells them, "you give them to eat," nothing but audacious, and this carries to Paul, "we sit together with him in heavenly places," and Peter, "rise up and walk." Indeed it is the audacity of the Exodus, "both horse and rider he has cast into the sea," the judgment of Balaam, which seems obviated for a time, whose acts were the OT equal of Saul

suborning the faith of the first believers. It is the entire speaking of the Lord, active and penetrating. So it says *Bereshith barah Elohim*, audacity itself. In short, this masculine speaking is the opposite of its imitations and subversion in modern culture. Not going to make friends, it is catcalled the onus of the desert religions: Jew, Christian, Muslim, but not Babylonian and pagan. This contrast of truth against the world never leads anywhere however because it styles an ultimate conflict, misunderstood in every way, world being understood as the path of indulgence and sensuality. *Masculine and Monotheism*, Freud did not write, but a hundred others have.

This direct contrasts the creeds above, which however are attractive and appealing. How else understand the LCC, "we hold the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man. We hold that we do serve him best when best we serve our fellow man. So shall his blessing rest on us and peace for ever more." What more appealing statement can there be, but it is a subtle encouragement of passivity.

Presumably that is the purpose of the novel, sensation, which appeals only if the outward manifestation in words is real. But anyone can say words. If however there is an inner reality where the huge bulk of communication is not physical or spiritual, and its command is preoccupied with self-denial, self-sacrifice, self-surrender, which sounds passive, we must then beware the trick of words, for the words mean nothing in themselves. Direct speaking without trickery and vulnerability are however dangerous alternatives. Indirection, or feminizing the masculine, was a major concern of the renaissance where love was viewed as weakening the power of will. Sidney complains about his weakness in writing as "whining poetry." These masculine states of the prophets have been so long replaced with the feminized, a more socially justified view, that it is hard to consider the masculine without compounding it with the greatest and most offensive depraved cases. It's not the masculine mind that offends, but the mouth. Be as masculine as you want as long as you don't talk.

In a not necessarily straight line, memory is even trickier than the deceitful words which empower the occult, as if there were

no such fact as a datum remembered, but merely its versions. If there was an event it exists in its interpretations. This carries over to truth in the relative mind, making it like memory, but the fruit is weakness of mind in an essential denial of natural law. Gravity for instance is like Truth, but truth made weak in those who profess it, either by dogma or relativism is no truth. Memory is the highest fact of our existence.

The occult origins of fiction and philosophy, fantasy and science fiction in all the university faculty clubs and writers cliques that inform the search for the spirit become a means of social control encouraging the feminine but not the masculine greatness of direct apprehension. The occult is imitation, the prophetic the real, imitated however so much as to become imitation.

II.

So what is the nature of evil? Surprisingly it is not what we think, personal corruption notwithstanding and its sins. Evil is spiritual in high places it says somewhere, connoting the Asherahs of Palestine. High places give a vista of control but themselves are a metaphor of counsels, rulers, leaders and their intrigues. We hence perceive a conspiracy, but its purpose is evasive, unless we take it is "against the Lord and his anointed." Some striking cases occur. In the case of Balaam we at least know the purpose was payback, payoff, and power and influence with the king of Midianites.

It is probably worth adding that psychic gifts are notoriously uneven and uncertain, part of the passivity routine. A clairvoyant will have no knowledge of the effects an eclipse, that is of the seen, but may know perfectly well exactly what had occurred in someone's mind that could not be seen. A pastor with prophetic utterance may be utterly unable to discern the dissembling elder in front of him, even to the point of outright fraud. What matters most is not surety but accuracy.

--The Monster War

If you’re new to earth war it has lasted from the first. Talk to Hieronymus Bosch to confirm. Thought to be myth by deconstructionists, and hardly realized by the participants, even if you think you’re on the other side you’re not. If you’re human it comes down to preserving the human race like a species in a threatened habitat.

There are many ways into the war fought against humanity with enemy quislings who govern like the officials of Vichy France who cooperated with the Nazi. But quislings are still human. All this puts our situation in the guise of resistance which calls to form a company.

Who the enemy is, how far it has corrupted the human, who the quislings are who see it in their interest to cooperate with the invader that inhabits government, art, fiction and myth is woven in a web.

So strong and hidden, there must be powerful wards in place to keep it down. Wards inferred from Genesis are 1) the seed of the woman and 2) a species can only reproduce after its kind. The seed of the woman! The human, is the stark opposite of what its enemy represents. We know her seed, but that other is obscure, unless you take it simply as the ageless fear of snakes and let naturalism rule. Naturalism has already died its death. We enter a new age of myth which none has seen or are prepared for, but do they need to be?

Good news! You were born for it. Among Navajo this phrase describes lineage, as if Monster Slayer and were a true account of the news. Pundits say traditional Navajo culture, when traditional Navajo people greet each other, will recount their *dinnehih* or clan. Untraditional Navajo culture is not Navajo. The most insidious phrase e’er uttered is *E Pluribus Unum*, the motto on the coin to strip ethnicity, traditional identity and boundaries away to substitute the monster clan. Navajos might say, "I was 'born to or of' my mother's clan and 'born for' my father's clan." You who live on the earth together have been born, for what you must discern.

Curiously a source of intelligence of this enemy is itself. How can we know if all are gone astray, that that none does good not one? By their speech we know them. They reveal themselves in writing too. Writing is easier to know because less complex. Joseph P. Farrell illustrates the point, who opened understanding of the lineage of Nazi experiments in physics, biology and psychology. The Oxford man writes well, gives pleasure when he speaks the "wild and weedy undergrowth the story…about time travel and new lives, with identities so contorted and convoluted that it would take someone with twin PhDs in physics and genealogical research to sort out…for now the story not only included past lives, altered consciousness, time travel and antigravity, but also bizarre and dark experimentation into consciousness manipulation, induced schizophrenic, Nazi U-boats, and pro-Nazi German "colonists, all of which were concentrated in the unlikely east end of Long Island! All of this neo-Gnostic nonsense was a strong deterrent to my desire to publish (Preface, v, *Secrets of the Unified Field,* 2008).

Top secret torsion is a good background of this writing and work if one takes as premise that it begins with German reunification. As of today we are more decades behind the curve. Of course the curve is extended, but conscious information begs to get on the wave, hence Farrell's latest effort of 2011, *Genes, Giants, Monsters and Men.*

Here the plot thickens however, for, as in other kens, he says that "pretty much everyone with half a brain, and who has not been lobotomized by the American "education" system or subjected to the psychedelic drugs and mind-numbing electroshock of its dull university curricula, even duller professors and to its "textbooks" that contain no primary texts, is agreed that something is wrong with our standard model of history, particularly the farther back one goes" (Introduction, xi).

It's as if he read *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*.

One can go on about this topper, but to get O'Brien/Farrell's so-called interference of deity, that began long before Israel the

telling phrase in Genesis is that the seed of the woman is at enmity with the serpent. The woman is paramount. Corrupt the seed and the war is won. How this could be done is the history of coming events. The phrase "a woman shall compass a man" coupled with the knowledge, even before the DNA revolution, that the man was specialized from the woman by the Y chromosome, otherwise he would be a woman, means something.

Farrell's notions out of Sykes, *The Seven Daughters of Eve*, pushes this along. Admittedly it takes longer to get used to his other source, Christian O'Brien's translations of the Kharsag Tablets, first because they are just heard of, as much as this very day (9/27/11) the digital Dead Sea Scrolls, The War Scroll, came online, "The War of the Sons of Light Against the Sons of Darkness." Kharsag, Barton's 1914 version of the Sumerian archive, furthered by O'Brien, needs a seasoning it has not had. Don't read *Genesis* without the Rabbis and the Fathers even if you have a teacher who cultivates the text. That's just it, cultivation, seasoning, meditation, context. Farrell's confection with his own ends is unseasoned. Knowledge comes slow.

Too slow for Farrell. He leaves behind in the void billions of years to confect a numerology that computes the likelihood of numbers thirteen, fourteen and thirty three. He correlates the Cremo-Thompson anomalies with his specs and repeats the same data sometimes three times.

In case you're new to Earth there's a war going on here. It was previously thought myth and hardly realized by the participants to whom you now belong. Even if you think you’re on the wrong side you’re not, unless you’re not human, which some aren't, having been hybridized.

WAR RESISTANCE

We were compiling a primer of the Monster War, called the madness of the gold age which had title before the war was known. You can take the short course in The World Below the Dome, which age is cited in O’Brien as golden, but please be advised it is not.

Are space aliens coming back? Joseph Farrell hides out in Spearfish. Wave a finger of invite at the sky, “hey baby, come on down.” They been gone a few years and NOW they’re comin' back! Whoopee! What do they need? DNA and a woman to breed. Be jealous friend. Let us welcome them. “Come on down baby! We got something for you!”

Among many ways to war against humanity quislings who governed Vichy France, collaborated with the Axis. Remember though that even people *quizzed are human and JOIN THE RESISTANCE. Doubt comes this way. One expects a **content neutral standard** eventually in a writer, not to advocate and judge, to let the work speak itself. So much journalism and scholarship is engineered to appear unbiased when it is prejudiced in every way, just not immediately discerned. Adjectives, even articles often violate this standard. Name-calling, characterizing, violate it, so writing is suspect when it becomes political speech, even if fascinating and beautifully done. This is more than mere verbosity. *Tristram Shandy*, is a verbose delight too, but fiction. Writing betrays itself, so comes the question, whose side are you one, Quisling or Man.

Quislings are (French) men too, but one feels embarrassed after expressing such dislike of adjectives to add an adjective like <True> Man. All men are true, even if some are liars. Fiction is not under that burden of proof, but when Farrell, appealing already with sensational charges mocks the reigning powers, it seems to me a different thing than saying, *I’m gonna flush them gods right outta the dome*, like a Broadway musical. Maybe we’re on the same side I thought, until reading his summary quotes from the O’Brien’s that the One is a space entity, party to the war, cultivating genes in Israel to produce, well, keep reading.

I read violations of the content neutral standard as rhetorical manipulation. The phrases, innocent in themselves, shibboleths really, of what is supposed to be accepted moral thought, things such as when Farrell says the O’Briens’ subject the Torah and the God of the Torah to: “an unhesitating and thoroughly critical

examination based on normal standards of human decency and morality and find him thoroughly wanting" (92). Normal?

Verbosity we forgive, that he uses the very language apparatus he earlier condemns in the dull professors and their books, and marries it to so facetious a thought that a thing is right because 20 million Frenchmen say. "Normal standards of human decency," suggests the normal standards are hiding terrors of emotional appeal, the lowest possible, as if the neighbors voted and democracy made it true. Democracy and majority make nothing true, only evidence does.

However the separation of the war into monsters and men, a hundred dichotomies attribute on either side, the interference of an angel (to understate somewhat) turns the tale exactly on its head, like calling Milton of the party of Satan, as critics liked to do, the good as evil, or as Blake seems, analytics against energy. So Lucifer trades places. A simple TV show.

One can go on about, but to get the O'Brien/Farrell point, the interference of deity began long before the existence of Israel. Take the point of Edward J. Young, that whoever wrote *Genesis* was no editor, no Elohist, as if the specific were the generic. The telling phrase occurs there that the seed of the woman is at enmity with the serpent. The woman is paramount. Corrupt the seed of the woman and win the war. This is the subject of our coming events. We hope to hear from you all on how to preserve the woman and her seed, humanity in the midst of betrayals.

--The Hybrid Age and the Obelisk

***Fliege, fliege* we cry, *die spinne*!** But we are lulled to sleep. Trans- mortals achieve singularity in a week, trillions of brain cells come on line. Genetically engineered singing mouse gets no democratic choice. **Not to immortalize** is called "the moral tragedy of not building god," (Hugo de Garis. BBC Horizon, HumanV2.0--47.12-47:26). Hugo de Garis, Ray Kurzweil: Human 2.0 [This link to an hour video needs to be heard. It starts in favor but switches mid stream.] The discarnate entity says to you: "the brain did not need the body anymore." [BBC. 27:52-28:10]

So not needing the body, everyone thinks when they inject human brain cells and DNA into the mice at Stanford that the transgenic myth has been exploded that "human cells had no apparent impact on the animals' behavior." That was “six” years ago, as was the awareness of prion contamination which began encephalopathies in mad cow, that had an impact, a metaphor for Hugo de Garis building his big brain, swelling up, except his conscience makes him warn us we will come to a bad end (*The Artilect War*).

If the artilect wars come to pass they will cement unprecedented unity of Muslim, Christian, Arab, Jew, Hindu, Buddhist. Every continent unites to save the earth, even if scientists have continually invited the outsiders, what they call the Good People Social Democrat Aliens to take it off their hands. You say that’s naïve, the insiders will get it first. Gary Schwartz of ASU wants to get his Sophia Project into dialogue with these non humans, meaning the deceased or anybody discarnate he can find, L. Ron Hubbard channeling _ right out of the plutonian labs. C. S. Lewis' Devine is more believable than Lewis knew. That detached head of the labs will appear on the National Mall (*That Hideous Strength*).

The names are not the same, but business and academe, mad scientists, the JASONS of the Pentagon who game planned Vietnam in the Pentagon papers, have perpetuated synthetic telekinesis, super soldier animals, new modes of perception, remote access brain waves in designer children. As America races China to preserve humanity by altering, Hugo de Garis is

hard at work in Xiamen (now retired) and Nick Bostrom at Oxford. Notice their similarity?

Perfectionists think they came to the wrong planet, that Gilgamesh was a perfectionist who sought immortality by killing everything in sight, to steal the immortal fire of life and that evolution was fine until they altered it, superseded by themselves. Even if Gilgamesh didn't do it, they did. Likewise God was fine until outmoded by the world brain but not the *World Brain* of H. G. Wells much ballyhooed to beget the Internet as much as C. S. Lewis' *Hideous Strength* and the *Abolition of Man* did the transmortal. H. G. Wells alerts us to the prophetic nature of some writers, Wells of the Internet and Lewis of mad science, better precursors of their kind than Teilhard de Chardin in *The Future of Man* (1955).

These precursors on both sides of the aisle of Egyptian mythology embody in the Vatican and National Mall. On the face of it America might not seem an obelisk nation. What would you say to a "petrified ray" of sun turning light to stone? Reverse of turning stone to gold? What's Egypt got to do with it?

The obelisk symbolized Egypt's greatest deity, sun god Ra, said to be a petrified ray of Aten sun disk, and that **the god existed within the structure**. Oh yeah, inside. So how many obelisks are in America? An inherent part of the worship of the sun, a tall, four-sided, tapering monument ending in a pyramid shape at the top. The big one is the Washington Monument, a big god for a big job, whatever that is. But when the Promise Keepers knelt before it to pray, did they know the god? Can't say.

The puritans shunned the maypole, but what would they do with an Egyptian stele? Didn't America overthrow the tyrannies of past slavery that Egypt implies? Didn't Americans consider themselves an Israel in the wilderness? Questions like this aren't really answered. America overthrew the colonial powers and the governments of the past to erect obelisks! There's one in Central Park (1881) near the MET called Cleopatra's Needle, all the way from Alexandria, from the front of the temple dedicated to Julius Caesar, the oldest man-made object in Central Park! The good news is that Rome, obelisk capital of the world has obelisks galore, so the Washington Monument, though 6 times bigger than the Vatican's, is in good company. Extant obelisks are listed

at Obelisks of the world, but what could these towers mean other than the dwarfing of the human in scale and impressing a feeling of, what is it called when you feel powerless, impotent, diminished? A towering dick? That's slick.

Now if these ET watchers want a girl that means that must have their own obelisk, just like a man, and if they're like a man doesn't that mean that they'd like to learn to enjoy a woman, which means rather a lot, implying a Marriage Alienal for space wonks. All fun aside if you're having trouble finding the meaning of the obelisk you need look no further than your pants. There is the real thing. What's wrong with raising hands overhead and worshipping it, at least memorializing for all to see in Washington, DC, the biggest in the world, symbol of American power, Phallic Nation? You'd think we'd hear from deconstructionalists, whose word is nearly as long, or feminists, who have seen enough, but this Standing Stone came under prohibition in Israel. Deut. 16:22, tear down the obelisks Exod. 23:24, 34:13, Deut. 7:5, 12:3. **Deut. 16:22** *Likewise,* ***do not set up a standing-stone;*** *your God hates such things."* **Exod. 23:24** *You are not to worship their gods, serve them or follow their practices; rather,* ***you are to demolish them completely and smash their standing-stones to pieces."***

Israel took as its purpose to affront the nations, demanded the towers be brought down, broken penises of high places, Asherah divinations destroyed. If there was ever a consistent pledge of the indecency of obelisks it was ancient Israel's call to break down the stones.

"Break down the wall" contemporaries would put it, the wall standing for all forms of tyranny and stifling of the creative as the stones meant to do to steal the man's fire and subvert it against his true liberation. Zeus, Jupiter, Ra, and before into what shadows of the past were all put to flight by Abraham, then Moses, Daniel and Jesus. The systematic overthrow of the gods that scholars used to deploy in the term monotheism is far more pervasive in shock and awe, the overthrow of every religious establishment and its worship of the gods to the worship of the one true God, hence the first commandment, have no other gods before me. That was no empty talk. There were gods galore.

Wikipedia, monotheism: It was Yahweh, not Marduk, who defeated primeval chaos, the "great deep" (Isa 51:10), “Second” Isaiah repeatedly says, it was Yahweh, not Marduk, who created the world; Isaiah 40:12 "Who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand and marked off the heavens with a span, enclosed the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance?" It was Yahweh, not Marduk, who formed light and created darkness; Isaiah 45:7 "I form light and create darkness, I make weal and create woe; I the LORD do all these things. " Moreover, unlike Marduk, God did it alone without any assistance; Isaiah 44:24 "I am the LORD, who made all things, who alone stretched out the heavens, who by myself spread out the earth", Isaiah 43:10 "Before me no god was formed, nor shall there be any after me."

So the Shema, the single most statement of Israel: hear, O Israel! The LORD is our God! The LORD is One!

Far outnumbering the seed of Abraham in number, as much as their plurality outnumbers the One, the religions of all nations of Babylon and Egypt, Greece and Rome surrounding Israel continue to fear and oppose the idea of their defeat by the One. They formed and continue to maintain numerous societies toward this end, which in a nutshell sums up the whole conflict in the war for the worlds. Republicans and Democrats have been manufactured for this purpose and the allegories of their architecture boast the transplantation of Egyptian steles, obelisks and pyramids into the fabric of body politic as a long standing effort to rid the world of the One.

Hence their hatred of Israel is based merely upon its belief in the One to the exclusion of the Many. *E pluribus Unum*, out of many one, means polytheism rules. That is the logic of the gods to confuse, were it possible. But it is not any more than Israel is Israel.

Hybrid Age Again

It might be thought best for transmortals to stay away if they are going to make everything new. Beowulf crushing Grendel, ripping off his arm, even

Gilgamesh died (but they think he will be reborn), as enemies of the new immortal as such, and perhaps all of Jung's collective unconsciousness. How do transgenics deal with the unconscious? By not bringing it up, that’s a pun, anymore than they bring up God while this physical analogue swells obesities of the invisible giants that “feed their cows and chickens, or readers and thinkers of the day, with artificial feed much as we do our herds.”

If you're transgenic you stay away from lit, after all it is of earth, even Frankenstein. Stick with *The Golden Bough* whose fertility thesis is of “a solar deity in mystic marriage to Earth.”

A fine day in the life of the transmortal rings up Sky Net to see if they're up to us as yet, the Sarah Connor Chronicles come true. All these things are carefully prepared before, but that, being it is for real, movies do not make us safe. There are more things yet. Artificial intelligence has a malevolent wink of its trillion atoms under debate.

Things go from bad to worse. Continent wifi bubbles with extra cranial neural caps ferret out even "silent talk" through EEGs of *intended* speech, extend their "tele-presence" through mobile BCI to a Cognitive Threat Operative System. Do not fear, report everywhere but here.

It isn't just plant, animal and human life to be altered, radical alterity details planets as well, terra-formed comets, atmospheric corrections to Mars. New universes will be built (de Garis, Jan 2011).

Does resistance occur when the *challenge of Earth* life is "solved?" Transhuman solutions set up a class structure that makes the human obsolete. An interface divides matter and energy, but denigrates matter. Pretend the Philosopher King has come, not Osiris. That means for poetry no place in *The Republic* nor exceptions in engineered reality. Who might you be to stand against the gods? Tell this to mice who have endured, mammals tortured into the reality that subjugates everything for human experiment as the new human will subject it to the “divine” of his own self. If the human is to do to the human what it has done to the animal world in the name of science and research, we better quick make that nonhuman.

No longer human, what does it mean? It means changes in the human phenotype passed to children in generations of a different gene. *Stranger in a Strange Land* indeed, such evolution was argued from Sci Fi Superman and Batman to junctures of the human. Alien or animal were long ago imagined myth. Myth no more Kakfa's Josephine, the Mouse Singer, turned to a play by McClure, burgeons reality, but the mouse injected with human brain cells is not a mouse. The man who kneels before the obelisk, is he a man? The charm of Kafka's story is the charm of the spirit, sullied now with the human. Laws to protect native species are not enforced, mark the rhetorical nature of the debate scientists want on animals with human blood. What they want is funding and permission from authorities to make “a mouse that can speak, a monkey with Down’s Syndrome, dogs with human hands or feet,” but no decay to make new art, bug, virus or a tree off landfill trash.

Human makeover of the world in The Hybrid Age is an unbelieved destruction of life. Not that it isn't couched in terms of little robots and promises of perfect health. Not that it isn't amazingly attractive to upscale grads who see a means of advancing toward what they lack as much as the preceding

generation sought mortgages. These mortgage brokers of the new transhuman bubble are the worshippers at the Capitol dome. The Hybrid Age event is a true UBU reality As the forces of manipulation pull the wool over kids' eyes who think they are important for being on the edge, instead they are on the cutting board and while they think they will be treated this instead are treated thus.

Severed Head

So if you'd like to be part dog or plant, the hybrids can easily dismiss it, think first how much artificial intelligence needs you when it has won, exceeded your capacity by the trillioned. The consciousness that pretends to be human is something beside its culture. Watching documentary of the arrested development of Terence McKenna, who will always be a youth, who died at 54, his indefinite mind expansions, hypnotic as a tranquilizer, unsettling as neurosis, contacted consciousness outside the human, as they do at ASU (Sophia Project). That's why the metaphor of this age is the **Severed Head**, a disconnect urged by greed and innovation. But more, much more. When Tom Goar said that head had been "transplanted to someone's empty neck," did he know it was the government usurped before the new order of the age?

Superman, Batman, Green Hornet long aborning in Pop Mind, were obvious long before the technology. Either it is subconscious imagination or conscious manipulation by forces so greater than will be the greater still itself in Singularity. 2045, 2025, or 2012, counting down to "the date," or today is another deception. It already exists. These things are now. A therefore A, first law of identity in Descartes, ***I** think, therefore I am,* already assumes the I enunciates itself, but in this case add that before I think, **I remember that I think.** By this we mean Singularity *novus ordo*, exists most profound. So what kind of consciousness creates over centuries gene alteration before it is dreamt?

Unfortunate transgenics want to view the past superseded in himself. Issues of the human are fraught with literature. It is impossible to find any that do not impact the transgenic past to suit the new regime. *The woods are come to Dunsinane!*

Right from the start a transhuman would not credit God, superseded now as much as Darwin. But in *Genesis*, God was not eager for competition in creation, it being Providence to create and recreate from his “book” of DNA whatever traits will suffice (Psalm 139), an echo, a reemergence of a trait in an ancestor three hundred years hence, lovingly fashioned and by the Sovereign. Actual creation of unique being His alone, it is sin to select traits based on human goals.

The transgenic will interpret myths of giants, monsters, aerial phenomena as precursors of his own. Chimeras, Polyphemus, Neptune, angels…there is room here for the transhuman take on the old, if it mattered, but it doesn't matter since it is shortly o’er-flown.

Were there really dinosaurs revived with tatters of DNA, engineered then reengineered? If dinosaurs will Yeats himself be raised, for transmortals think selective resurrection of important persons, Max Planck? Tom Gilbert begs the agenda of the Transhuman is not about his grandmother. “An **expert in ancient DNA** at Copenhagen University who with Schuster and Webb pioneered the harvesting of mammoth DNA from hair, [he] admits that as a student of mammoths, he'd be the first to go see one trundle across a paddock…"if you can do a mammoth, you can do anything else that's dead, including your grandmother. But in a world in global warming and with limited resources for research, do you really want to bring back your dead grandmother?" (*National Geographic*, May 2009).

Anything brought back by a hair or bone is why the grave of Gilgamesh was dug and why the Smithsonian hides the excavated giants. This sounds totally like the search for Merlin’s grave in *That Hideous Strength*. It impacts King **Ramses** and whoever else would return from the dead with plans, but not *come back to tell you all*, unlike your grandma.

This boasts in architecture that while the uninitiated do not understand the allegory it is important they ignorantly venerate and worship it. Maybe the Greenhouse Effect would make the new/oldies feel at home. The **Defense Advance Research Projects Agency** of the U.S. (DARPA) has all manner of efforts toward these ends. Construct an enhanced, hybrid super soldier it feels it must beat the Chinese and the Russian. There are as

many links to this as you wish. The one cited here is 4 years old. Think you the SEALS are fish?

If this sounds like the satire of Swift, a Gulliver *according to its kind,* the organic machine will be dead serious when it comes online to the 10 to the 26 trillion trillion brain cells made new by Singular fiat, except old mammoths and warriors of the past dug in Palestine. The hybrids however will be new. If transhuman assumptions hold and things are as they say, it were impossible to override, impossible as the taunt that Isaiah gives against Babylon (14). But there was also Ezekiel and Jeremiah. Oops, one in Jonah, Zechariah and Psalms. Oh yes, and Matthew and Revelations dismayed **"the moral tragedy of not building god," (Hugo de Garis. BBC Horizon, HumanV2.0--47.12-47:26) .**

It should be obvious why the Transgenic does not sanction God. After all, these are New Rules. If you think the Hybrid Age the reverse of *Genesis*, that destruction does not create, that the bringing back of Ramses, Yeats and the wooly Mammoth mocks the resurrected, that just shows how prejudiced you are.

Many religious are concerned not to take "the mark of the beast," emphasizing *the mark* but never *beast*. In the age of the hybrid as a retrofitted serum injected in guise of vaccine combining animal and human DNA, to cure some engineered disease, in the words of Verner Vinge in 1993! "within thirty years, we will have the technological means to create superhuman intelligence. Shortly after, the human will be ended" (Abstract, *The Coming Technological Singularity*).

Those thirty years are gone! Listen to podcasts from ASU (Templeton School) of Transhumanism while you wait here. Do not consider Melhman's logic that selective breeding, mutation is always within a species. Human and animal together, never.

Transmorts put up Kurzweil to speak so they won't be taken serious. When PBS last showed him on Charlie Rose he spoke of Singularity as if it were an expression of the information age, that the "democratizing" technologies of cell phones and Facebook would prevent it being used for tyranny because of "the wisdom of crowds." But singularity is of the hybrid age like his rhetoric, where human organs are grown in pigs and

dinosaurs are reconstituted from 80 million year old DNA stored in their bones. This is considered a fantasy to the culture. In a serious effort of government and business not only to remake dinosaurs but to pair all kinds of human and animal genes for human enhancement as well as parading nanobots in Kurzweil's brain, we begin.

--Monarch Children, TransAping and Upping

Kafka’s captured ape, that develops human consciousness, acquires language while held as a prisoner in a cage on a ship, is prophetic of more than extraordinary rendition.

Seeing this in context with the transhuman, it would be transaping, as in Plant of the Apes, the prequel, these parables all point to increasing human intelligence, exactly to what end and for what reason, except that it could be done, is not known. To make life easier is the best guess. But does intelligence do that? Or does it just increase doubt. Without doubt how can it be intelligence anyway, questioning itself, when all the models design an intelligence of huge proportion but limited to designated tasks, like a robot. If it won’t do the task it is removed, has no purpose. Intelligence without an appreciation of what it is not is a robot. This suggests a superior theory of intelligence grounded in compassion or empathy, not to do harm, nor to control. Naively, not to control, because intelligence is preeminently choice and choice has effects, a brilliant scientist who chooses to make a trillion trillion brain makes himself and all he is extinct.

These matters are complicated by government, business and institutional funding which always conduct toward a purpose, being greater control and profit. To join intelligence to this suggests it is debased, reduced to a shadow of itself, being told what to do. So who tells intelligence what to do?

Monarch Children

The news that scientists cut off the antennae of Monarch butterflies to see whether they would get lost, and they did, fits among the travesties of science, but it turns out there are Monarch Children made according to similar policies. Ted K, the Una bomber is one. He was extensively tested and had his antennae removed in an LSD experiment at Harvard as a student. The ramifications of this made him a criminal it is now thought (see the BBC pic at the end where he is touted as a potential hero of the opposition to this and other testing). Cynthia O'Brien is another. Not that there is any record of the top secret MK Ultra project that began these experiments of which there were 150 different programs in the country. The records were destroyed by Helms in 1973, so there is ultimate

deniability. By their nature these experiments would have no records except in the damaged memories of the guinea pigs. But before delineating the details, also much contested, let it be recalled that these techniques are older than MK Ultra. Graphic instances are cited by Henry Miller in the life of Arthur Rimbaud, but clouded with speculation.

People who go into the other world, taking ayahuasca, DMT, and encounter spirits are sensitive. They want to think this is their contact with supernaturals. If told these are demons they will claim they are being demonized. They are, but by themselves, unless the dose is given like it was to Ted Kacyznski (*Manifesto*),the Unibomber at Harvard, on the sly by the CIA.

from the fall of 1959 through the spring of 1962, Harvard psychologists, led by **Henry A. Murray**, conducted a disturbing and what would now be seen as ethically indefensible experiment on twenty-two undergraduates. To preserve the anonymity of these student guinea pigs, experimenters referred to individuals by code name only. One of these students, whom they dubbed "Lawful," was Theodore John Kaczynski (Alston Chase). The BBC special mentions him at least four times as a potential saint in the coming artilect wars, a potential John Connor, who called attention to the evil of science.

Henry Murray's experiment was intended to measure how people react under stress. Murray subjected his unwitting students, including Kaczynski, to intensive interrogation -- what Murray himself called "vehement, sweeping, and personally abusive" attacks, assaulting his subjects' egos and most-cherished ideals and beliefs. Dubbed "the Unabomber" by the FBI because his early victims were associated with *un*iversities or *a*irlines,

Wikipedia: Students in Murray's study were told they would be debating personal philosophy with a fellow student. Instead they were subjected to a "purposely brutalizing psychological experiment" stress test, which was an extremely stressful, personal, and prolonged psychological attack. During the test, students were taken into a room, strapped into a chair and connected to electrodes that monitored their physiological reactions, while facing bright lights and a two-way mirror. Each student had previously written an essay detailing their personal

beliefs and aspirations: the essays were turned over to an anonymous attorney, who would enter the room and individually belittle each strapped-down student based in part on the disclosures they had made. This was filmed, and students' expressions of impotent rage were played back to them several times later in the study.

It proves K's point that science is dangerous, unrestrained. Murray had tenure and got promoted, had a center named for his unconscionable experiments, but no worse than those being done in the name of science wherever you want to name.

Not that it can be proved, because these agencies cover their tracks, the same governments and agencies that are dumbing them up are also simultaneously dumbing them down. If that sounds like Joseph Mengele, does it strike you as hopeful that the top 10 evil experiments were all conducted in the 20th century. Mengele's experiments continued far beyond Nazi Germany and WWII, considered here for what has not been attributed to him but which has its DNA directly out of his mind. It only makes #7 in the top ten list, but that is because MK Ultra morphed into another program which cannot be proven except by its victims, who are always treated just like rape victims used to be, with extreme doubt. As many as a million in the U.S. some say, the Monarch alters read like a Hollywood script yet to be done, dozens and dozens of cages stacked on top one another, like in Planet of the Apes, except holding children captured from the mean streets and subjected to trauma based mind control to make structured multiple-disordered minds (MPD). It is said that the original reason for the name Monarch was that as the traumatized children had their legs tied during electro-shock and torture they thought they were butterflies as their alters (personalities) formed.

Multiple takes on this appear from the Manchurian Candidate to Doll House to Black Swan, for it is always the way of these warps that fantasizes into popular entertainment to neutralize it from being taken seriously. Popular entertainment properly viewed is an encyclopedia of the top 10 list and beyond.

Fundamentally Monarch Alters create a front personality, front as in false front, while a deeper programming has some predesigned purpose. These deeper purposes are triggered by

mechanisms of release, which could be anything, even happen accidently. If you think that contributes to an understanding of the increasing sociopathic, psychotic mass murders that began happening since about 1970 then good for you. **Monarch alters gone wrong**?

Monarch alters become a metaphor for the transformation of Brittany Spears/Britannia, Beyonce/Sasha Fierce, Lady Gaga / 'Joe Calerone' and give a chance at understanding something that is going on, even if not to them. How many of these alter ego situations exist is of course in dispute as if multiplying the phenomena reduces argument to disputing whether Britany is Britannia or Mona, a nickname, an alter ego, or a persona, or an evolution of artists to release their energies, Prince with Camille, Bowie with Ziggy, or Manson with Omega not Jekyll and Hyde, werewolf or Hulk. Or they can change as temporaries, Madonna's alter during *Erotica* was Dita.

Beyonce = Sasha Fierce
Mariah Carey = Bianca
Ciara = Super Ci
Garth Brooks = Chris Gaines
Ashlee Simpson = Vicky Valentine
Britney Spears = Mona Lisa

You know some more. Many Altered States occur from drugs, where ayahuasca meets amanita muscaria or as Paddy Chayefsky inside a water tank, with reference to John Lilly, with sensory deprivation, sought "relaxation." These alters occur from torture which itself has a history, used as a means of induction into various secret societies but generally enter literature with Rimbaud who says he makes himself a comprachicoes for his art, but there is a big difference between cutting a cock's throat in front of an initiate to show the punishment for betrayal and the real thing inflicted to divide the self from the self. The tortures of Mennonites in Switzerland or the disappeareds in Argentina was to pleasure the torturer and to make them confess to false doctrine, but not to become something else. The purpose of torture beyond torture being the induction of the false self for control by the torturer.

--Mad Science

One of my many editor friends on receiving the first “Anthropology of Orc” said, " I sometimes wonder where the world of your imagination resides. Do you consider it in any way related to science fiction or fantasy, etc? I, to be sure, consider Borges a sort of science fiction, which is not in any way to denigrate his work, which I adore."

Reversal of Field

At a time their cousins were convincing the world that there was no historical validity to ancient literature, especially the Bible Flood, a figment of imagination, and that Jesus could not have risen from the dead, Transhumanists foisted such anomalies as would boggle the mind of fundamentalists. Look what science can do!

Demythologists had said such myth existed only in the Testaments, but a complete reversal occurred in about a hundred years. The neighbor across the hall from academe said David could not have written the Psalms while Dr. Schwartz was plotting to get in touch with the ghost of Crowley.

On the second floor they denied Noah and the flood but on the third took DMT to contact the nephilim, fallen angels at the flood who corrupted the human race. Not only was there *Contact* sought with any discarnate entity, they were certain to bring them back to life through robotic technology and DNA substitution of the wooly mammoth, freely admitting, any life form could be had for which they had DNA. Museums and morgues of the past were raided for lost hair and giant bone mummies. Up King Tut and Ramses. They did not think to bring King David, but his appearance was a foregone conclusion: “the one who is feeble among them in that day will be like David, and the house of David will be like God, like the angel of the LORD.”

Mad Science

General society realized that scientists were certifiably crazy when strange creatures were seen in earth and air. As extinct as the dinosaur they were about to revive, at the opposite end, out of this mélange they also would create a new man, H+. Transhumanism is nothing if not “the ethical use of technology to
transcend limits of the human body,” although this includes the brain. It was however too late for H 1.0 who slept much, ate much and drank his biggest concern, that being to be entertained. "Eating and drinking and marrying," the human anesthetic was as great as any had been before Noah's flood when "the sons of God went in to the daughters of men and had children by them and there were heroes of old, men of renown." It would have seemed unbelievable had not the transhumanists

revived those days themselves that occurred in the first book of the Bible, but websites were worried they would be resolved in the last, the *Apocalypse* being the next flood. Caught in the Middle not even transhumanists believed it, which made all the more poignant the complaint of their separatists that they were "locked out," not just from society, but from understanding the beginning and end of earth's adventure.

Scientific reversals of field showed up in literature and philosophy as much as science. Traditional literature was thought to have its authorship as designated, that Moses, Homer, David, Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu were thought to be who they said they were. This was turned upside down in the nineteenth century so that most of them had to fight for existence.

Said they never existed, and if they did they didn't write those things, textual science had supplanted the role of author with editors. So while lit had destructed and made over an editor's delight, denying traditional authorship and more, ideas that had previously embarrassed everybody now came into vogue. It was the existential threat that Nick Bostrom (Future of Humanity Institute, 2011) loves to cite. In the face near extinction it was as if Moses had again begun to write.

Yeats and Crowley symbolized the shift. They both delivered their magnum opus through the mediumship of their wives. Yeats, *A Vision*, and Crowley, *The Book of Thelema*. Yeats' wife Georgie had wanted to woo Yeats away from *other* occult influences and have him for herself. She did so by concocting the automatic script that preoccupied them for ten years, which, more importantly, was the source of some of the greatest of Yeats' myth in his last three works. Some say it was less medium than Georgium, that she spoke on behalf of herself and less of Michael Robartes and Owen Aherne. Argue that if you may. It was the same with Crowley whose wife likewise delivered his Book of Thelema. So what was completely absurd to science became standard practice in lit, seeking the supernatural, not as feelings "recollected in tranquility," as Wordsworth said, but as otherworld spirits, where "do what you want is the whole law" was the point of view of the Transhuman because it suited anyway to call ethical and moral what they were doing when they simply did what they wanted. Scientific

writers however do not have as much power to convince that their rhetoric was truth. Together science and literature became a religion, a new/old gnostic religion.

New Science Making Monstrous

If the scientific world was more shallow that the literary, its writers were less able to mask that their rhetoric was not truth, as if belief indicates a level of being. Yeats never believed what he was doing, which makes his lines more habitable. Super science, literature, and philosophy led, but business and government were not left far behind. Perfect pragmatism and greed saw business put new ideas to profit, as did government, except it had greater resources. Let it be acknowledged that if history repeats itself, and if the flood of Noah becomes the focal point of this new religion, the line that "new philosophy calls all in doubt" from the poet John Donne revisits how this happens. What Copernicus and Galileo did to deconstruct the earth as the center, New Science did in reverse by making H+ the center of all things again. We're BACK, they could have said, but a little changed! Human 2.0, 3.0, 4.0....

So tentacles gathered around the defense department's DARPA, the think tank of physicist JASONs, think tanks like RAND, Brookings in the US and hundreds globally. These competed to build the world brain virus and join it in hyperlink to super soldiers. The only check was other labs that sought to mate human and animal and put these enhanced senses in the super soldier. He could smell like a dog and chat like a bird. The only check was the effort to Cryptozoologically clone whatever DNA's of the past were thought useful. Joining present monsters to those of the past made perfect sense and remade crypto embryology. This of course was done ethically with great sincerity and morality under cover of preserving present endangered species. There is hardly need here to mention that these agencies would cover their tracks according to their kind,

deniability being resource management.

If there were no end to making monstrous the implications at the super collider would have alerted that something was going on, "some kind of invasion by spontaneously swelling and shrinking spherical or wheel-shaped creatures" had occurred or was expected to occur. But this was not *Ezekie*l: “This is what the wheels looked like: They were identical wheels, sparkling like diamonds in the sun. It looked like they were wheels within wheels,” but the report that "Dr Bertolucci later got in touch to confirm that yes indeed, there would be an "open door", but that even with the power of the LHC at his disposal he would only be able to hold it open "a very tiny lapse of time, 10^{-26} seconds, [but] during that infinitesimal amount of time we would be able to peer into this open door, either by getting something out of it or sending something into it" (November 2009).

Democratic Peoples

If it seems democratic peoples don’t get in on this flash mobs enabled by Smart Phones at first gathered for theater but soon burned down London. They networked their disillusions against unjust society and blamed their parents and teachers for doing preventive maintenance for them. Techno anarchists find much sympathy,

"hemmed in by a universe of intensely stupid people. Above me are alienated career political whores and cabbage patch corporates who’d rather see me recycled as fertilizer since I won’t ever buy their shit nor work for them. Around me I see apathetic consumers and worker drones who live life thinking the next best thing is being a pensioner. Below me are teeming masses of undereducated and genetically challenged morons who never had the opportunity to adequately blossom their mind." (Comment #2, Caught in the Middle).

The robotic courtesies of society are degrading to the life of "consumer employees" who would just as soon have real robots: "we don’t know each other, we don’t know the queer person, the

straight person, the white person, black person, Latino person, disabled person, older person, religious person, atheist person."

Technoanarchists never heard of the *Man in the Grey Flannel Suit* or Willy Loman or a hundred other details of social malaise. But to jump the cure, it is love for the checker, for the immigrant, for the human in the recognition that "there go I," that extends the same hope and sympathy they would like to receive. The problem is if you really despise ordinary humans and see them as only fit for extermination it is harder to think there go I Nazi perfectionists aside, when I read about the H+ schemes, it made me love imperfection more and see myself as one with great imperfectitude, imperfectly perfect.

The more communicative side of Doctrine Zero has it that neo-gnosticism, the idea that *"you have lived your entire life in the darkened basement of reality,"* is based upon the idea that "one could, in principle, remove the various perceptual filters imposed by our brains and societies, and perceive a much wider arena of Reality than that previously thought to exist."

Do you want to get some of those Perceptual filters instead of the old defense mechanism of identity so you too can see the irreal ET grasshopper that Terence McKenna did on DMT? If it feels bad that insects can see the UV spectrum and you can't, that the visible is so limited for the human, not to belabor the DZ's, patience to grow old works the same, and at no expense or risk, other than enfeeblement. Then understanding so increases that we see into the electro-magnetic spectrum and know the height, breadth and depth of being in a way that would never be believed. Old age is better than DMT? Unbelievable! "Why didn't you tell me?" they ask. So to undemo the inferior human, all along the old know you can live in the light and that to return to the cave and tell all is to re-enter the dark. To the light, light matters. Anyway, who would believe it?

The Resistance

The destructed families of tradition, literature and nature permitted scientific ethics to build the brain sci fi movies said they would. Skynet. This permitted revival of every imprisoned

evil earth had labored to extinguish, monsters, tyrants, giants, but all the while science said it would be god itself, transcendent ones. They were at the greater risk from those unleashed than even the sheep. A small cadre of opponents to this in science, philosophy, government and religion were prejudiced against this. They belonged to hate groups.

--The Madness of Artilect 1.0

Hugo de Garis, mad as a super collider, resembles the tensor calculus of his reality. His twist in *The Artilect Wars* (2005) argues a civil war between those who want to be transhuman and those who don’t. The nerve of these atheists who deny the new gods! The mind behind the transhuman view reveals two reverse fields.

I imagine the gibberish of the first field below to be the conscious against the subconscious state. During the day he makes compulsive havoc with the brain machine but at night is horrified at what he is doing. He can’t stop. The two cannot talk.

"I will lie wawle at mogjt tjomlomg ratopma;u abpit tje cps,oc
"I will lie awake at night thinking rationally about the cosmic

gramdeir pf Cps,os, abpit wjat tjse gpd-;ole artofacts cpi;d dp, amd
grandeur of Cosmism, about what these god-like artilects could do, and

O fee; tje awe/ Jpirs ;ater O wo;; wale i[om a sweat.
I feel the awe. Hours later I will wake up in a sweat.

"Having been jolted out of a nightmare. I see in vivid scenes the deaths of my descendents in about a century or so, at the hands of the artilects, who have become so superior to humans that they see us as vermin. The emotional reality and horror of it shake me. Normally I sleep rather soundly, so I don't remember many dreams, but this nightmare is recurrent, and so horrible in emotional terms that it is capable of waking me despite my heavy sleep" (84).

Wiping Out the Human

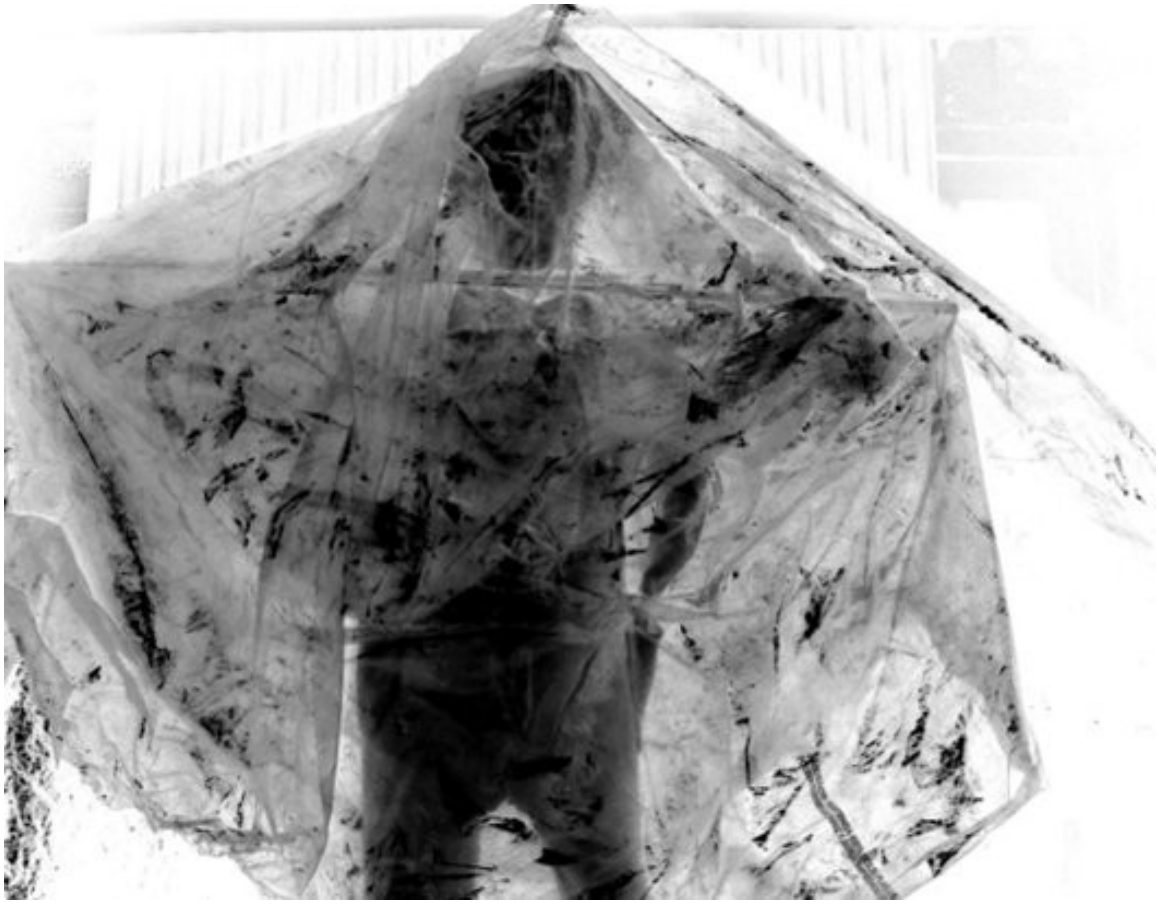
Extermination includes everyone except himself and his followers. His grandchildren, will be wiped out in his blueprints, but why aren’t they artifacts themselves by then? At ease with genocide only machines are intelligent then. Oddly he never imagines his grandchildren will be anything but human. That’s his ultimate good however he denies. But he can’t stop.
Transhuman fascism
madness consumes. It cannot escape the closed loop of itself. A "human brain dump" (78), artificial embryology, "embryofacture" (71), "nanots" of "human scale products" (68), "self-assembly" (72) of those parts like "viruses." He has worked in six countries. The Japanese are "intellectually sterile, socially backward" (30).

When were Frenchmen ever wrong? He is proud of his superior European multicultural views, unconnected intellectual outlooks of Brussels and Cambridge: "As a 'multi' I found the company of other multies far more stimulating than that of mono" (29). The ordinary human: "our own puny ephemeral little lives seem so worthless, so insignificant" (186).

Cosmist argument made by astrophysicists for a half century now states that "human existence is so petty, so trivial, so banal, so insignificant" (87). Perhaps we had not realized before that in addition to being mad, its thoughts are not human. Being does not belittle itself. Hence we ask, if not human, what is the origin? Oddly, he answers, and it is either simple megalomania or another agenda: "from the galactic point of view, would it matter much if the human were wiped out? I think the universe would not give a damn" (89). Wiping out the human from Star Trek's point of view would be a tragedy. **Wiping out the mouse from the human point of view would be a tragedy**. So why does the universe not give a damn? The division of his mind says, "being Cosmist and being more intelligent. I suspect that those people with higher IQs..." (89) will be them.

For one who thinks his future capable of "true godlike intelligence...below the elementary particle level" (180, 183), he surprisingly picks on the mouse, "mice are too stupid, and have too small a brain to speculate on anything, unless its about their immediate survival" (179). Ditto the "apelike thoughts of chimps." But artilects are like mice too, he says accidently, "develop life-preserving strategies" to avoid falling into a star. So superior HUGE artilects "obey the laws of physics" (180), another paean to the absolute of science that invents laws until it changes them. Out of this thinking he says that *not* to build the godlike super brain is "a kind of 'deicide (god killing). This would be wrong, but he justifies killing mosquitoes (13), as being of no consequence to his brain, like the fly swatted by Greek gods. The Cosmist point of view has Terrans as 'decidal monsters'" (20). If this sounds grandiose consider that it comes from one who says, "I would like to be considered the father of the artificial brain" (48).

The whole Terran / Cosmist dichotomy is projected upon his audiences like his animus of Japan and the mouse. He says the



whole culture is mad, like himself, that there will be "planetary civil war" (86), that people "say that they felt the same schizophrenia as I have been feeling for years" (85).

In a repeated schizophrenia about his work, a science cut off from the whole, he thinks that nanobot steam shovels and tow trucks will traverse the blood, repairing cells and trucking off cancer, that "with a regular dose of such 'fountain of youth' robots, people could become immortal" (67). If not immortal the madness is immoral. Consider how the world depends on balance. Wolf kills elk so willow can grow on banks of the stream, which together house birds, beavers and bugs and shade the fish. It's all from the predation of the wolf and the consequent fear of the elk to survive that adapts the watercourse.

Intelligence is personality, but his notion of the brain takes the brain for Einstein. Without personality this is incapable of nuance, that is, it is a mad poseur taking the bird with the mouse, not as an "immense world of delight compassed by your senses five," but as utility. Utility is cruel. The scientist practices on the rabbit, the rat, the mouse, the man without recognizing its person-hood. This is the sin of Gilgamesh beyond those committed in the secret recesses of the intellect. It is oppression of life. Intelligence must love, accept and care for the mouse.

In fact Einstein was no more inevitable than a series of **forking paths** toward what we know as Einstein. Any one of those paths would change the outcome. On many of them he was a sailor. His expression of the core was a result of circumstance, the people he met, luck if you want. So is every personality that continues to grow and only in growth does intelligence express. To repatriate the term from his hijack, intelligence is growth not in the sense of becoming more powerful to exercise its own designs, but to understand and exercise compassion and understanding of the world.

Zero Paradox

It does not occur to de Garis that computational ability is only valuable if the brain is thinking. If the brain is not thinking it is not valuable. *This is much the same as saying that the brain must know what it is thinking and that it is thinking in order to think.* That's why the primitive tests him, because unlike machines, humans think by not thinking and afterward reflect the results of their nonthought. I bet you already knew that. This way of working and discovery does not compute to de Garis. For him the human ability of sleep is a nightmare, and his hierarchy of being is medieval. Humans are to be supplanted by artilects and artilects by femtotechs, a hierarchy that is still inferior to the Elohim, who are already godlike.

Artilect Wars displays arithmetic qualities, as if they will be immortal unless oops, they have an accident and fall into a black hole (181). That's why they too, like de Garis “will need to become scientists" to "develop life-preserving strategies" (181).

Here comes the pesky surviving mouse again. You would think that all artilects would be born scientists, the way he was (92)!

To compare the Elohim, scientists were so busy confecting brain superiority they were ignorant of Maimonides who showed the word a homonym referring simultaneously to angels and to God, depending upon what part of the sound branch the context reveals, rather more sophisticated.

Baboonolects

Problematic artilects will be "confronted with limitations of their memory in the society of other artilects. There they will reach a limit the human does not. He just doesn't get that the human already has access to all space and time, which memory exceeds his wildest femtolect, because the lowly human is already "made in the image of God." The image in a mirror lacks a dimension. An image of a man, as a sculpture, lacks a dimension of the man, so likewise a man in the image of God is not God, but like. Sometimes artilects will "probably be immortal" (188), but those made in the image of God already are.

Artilects, nanolects, trillion trillion brain, beyond H(uman), in turn will be consumed by the femolects a trillion trillion of them. He doesn't keep going but we expect Zeno's Paradox in reverse to infinitely divide femolects into baboonolects, a trillion trillion of them. If you think artilect 1.0 mad wait until the Thetan remake passes through the fire.

As to what artilects do to kill time he suggests they either make or "experiment" making universes. Amateurs! The spirit of wisdom "was appointed from eternity, from the beginning, before the world began...I was there when he set the heavens in place...I was the craftsman at his side. I was filled with delight day after day, rejoicing always in his presence (*Proverbs* 8).

What do artilects do? When scientists ask "why" at the end of their agony of self worthlessness he compares them to children, "sooner or late scientists have to give the same kind of answer as given to a curious persistent child...Why mommy, why" (189)? Failing intuition, failing creativity, scientists work hard, but don't play. The ordinary H is superb at play. Play releases

universes, but if you tell the artilects, the scientists, the people in the cave, they won't believe. So the human is already superior to the artilect.

What Not Why

These scientific horrors are meant to steal that human rite of greatness, but not for the purpose of possession, merely to destroy it in order to substitute a larger tyranny. One gets to learn intelligence and compassion by and caring for life, whether it be a child, a parent, a lover, a dog, a garden. Caring makes the human vulnerable. Love makes the human patient.

The Loss of the Golden Age

In a world of intentioned befuddlement things are not just upside down, they are inside out. What you see you don’t see and what you don’t you do.

That is how we realize the myth of the Golden Age, even portrayed in its happiest moments, is a nightmare of tyranny, destruction, betrayal and death, all however invented to create the opposite effect. The sacred age of Virgil’s fourth eclogue,

and Virgil invented most of the golden age, an order of gentle breezes and three harvests, is a blind for something else. It would be churlish to say what that is and spoil all the fine aspirations and hopes of people devoted to the golden age for thousands of years. Anyway if you told them they would not believe. Not even taking the opposite of commonly accepted government-scientific truth is enough. What to do?

Eight lines in the *Odyssey*
Fifteen in *Works and Days*,
nine about the Blessed Isles,
parts of two poems by Pindar,
Hyperborean and Blessed Isles.
Voila! Have you seen them!

What could have made Homer think the world had been a better place? The Beatles? The Littl' Bits? We answer by opposites. He didn't. The world was no different then. Those first poets took opposites seriously and held up a mirror to life. The golden age was the opposite of the age of iron, their real subject. The negation of gold by iron is the proof of the gold's existence. It was argument by antithesis. If you concede that Homer was as wise as a modern, able to perceive contradiction, apply humor even while being a little serious, then you can see that he might not believe everything he said, but still say it for effect, for fun, for sheer perversity. He's a poet.

No matter what the Greeks or the Romans Virgil and Ovid have said, there was never any sense in these texts that the golden age was a deep unconscious yearning of the human mind. That was invented by critics of the last two hundred years. The golden age was an effort of the powerful to justify their own alienation from the natural world.

The problem of the golden age is one of poetry, not philosophy, religion, politics or anthropology, unless it's psychology and we are forced to accept that *all peoples that have a history have a paradise, a state of innocence, a golden age*. Statements like this are never going to end. Any combination of millennial endings,

prehistoric epochs, myths as collective fantasies *embodying ideals and memories* will be taken as credible. But such statements about the myth of the golden age are not even secondary evidence of "prehistoric eras" or states of heathen from his own naiveté *transfers to him his own*, and **the golden age becomes a speculative transference of modern alienation**. This golden age of *unrealized being* was only recently discovered. While peace on earth and personal property were judged yea and nay in Ovid, the elaborate psychological and mythological extrapolations from them are a modern fusion foisted in revenge perhaps for what Ovid did to Virgil, and maybe even further back in revenge against "our ultimate forefathers," as critics say.

These clichés issue not from poets so much as from teachers who long for such a state themselves, who compare Adam's eviction from Eden with the loss of the golden age and ask big questions like "what did men live for," as though this were answered by preachments on peace and war, plenty and want. Yes the Italian renaissance had an Ur-myth of the pleasant landscape, pleasure, *locus amoenus*, but when we discriminate golden ages, divide what the sources said from what the critics say they said, we see that the golden age has been abstracted.

These reinterpretations increase with time, but the sources stay the same. Montaigne is saddled with responsibility in his account of the noble savage with everything of Rousseau's and the new world Indians are reinterpreted by both as hippies who might be praised or blamed for seeking Homer's reputed life of ease.

2.

Still we want to know what we lost in the losing of it. The original glimpses of the golden age in the Greeks and their transmutation by Virgil and Ovid are the main course of this banquet. The idea of a Greek golden age comes with the notion that everything began well but decayed. The few lines in three ancient Greek poets understate this concept. Greek poet Hesiod said god Cronos made a golden race of men who were mortal. They had a good life, lived like the wealthy, like kings, but died. Later ages decayed from gold to silver to bronze and iron,

steadily got worse. Folk in these ages died too, but badly, like the peasant. So bad was it that the **spokesmen of the rich say today that everybody who lives in this Iron Age continually dreams of living in the gold**. We are all supposed backwardly mobile. Hesiod's way of explaining how things came to their present iron impasse opposes the unknown gold with the known iron.

These four ages had a minor fifth especially for heroes. Either that or their stories aren't straight. Maybe just because Homer preceded Hesiod and didn't know the ages were to be limited to four he sent his hero Menelaus there. Menelaus was of course Helen of Troy's husband, so needed his reward. Sending Menelaus alone to the golden age is like NASA sending Gene Shoemaker's remains to the moon. He is that polycarbonate vial, still the only one of its kind on the moon, though when it proves a popular spin-off more are coming. Shoemaker might get company sooner than Menelaus, who only had his loneliness relieved when kindly Virgil sent Aeneas' father Anchises along a thousand years later.

Roman retellings of the Greek golden age are not copies, they are the raw stuff that put the golden age on the map. Ovid took from Hesiod the notion of an age without law. That was the law, no law. Lawlessness, anarchy, free love and communism were all manufactured gold to Ovid, but this freedom vs. legality was a joke on the Greek origins, a poetic license. No such radicalism existed in the first accounts. Ovid's golden age was beloved by the Italian renaissance for these exaggerations, but it was Virgil who made possible every earthshaking change Ovid implemented. They dreamed up a political and social seduction scheme that absorbed all Italians, early and late, from the Latium of Virgil and the ethic of Ovid to Sannazaro.

The spirits of that first generic Greek golden age race were supposed to have been guardians in the minor fifth of the heroes, but all spirits and races of gold fled the implications of their decline in the Iron Age. The first golden age was like Plato's ideal gymnasium. Hesiod had some maiden choruses but there were few complications of women and children. The

difference between the iron and the gold, government and none, property rights and the common good, seduction and freedom, was the attitude of mind. The Iron Age had the lust of the heart and the pride of life. It got so bad Ovid had the gods abandon it, leave the earth to men. *Why did the gods leave the earth?* The same reason you move further out, the neighbors.

Only if we assume that Homer, Hesiod and Pindar knew of a large oral tradition which had no surviving remnants can we think the golden age had any existence for them other than its occasional mention. The golden age was a patchwork, not a systemic idea. Its reconstruction as literature is an archeology with few remnants.

There being no known skeleton of the golden age, no epic, no drama, only poetic fragments, if not figments, we have what the nineteenth century called myth. Had Latin poets, meaning Virgil and Ovid, not developed their fancies of the golden age, we would still wait its discovery. **Their golden age was like the later idea of India or Eldorado, an entertainment**, not a piety or a philosophy of improving mankind. For Virgil, renaissance pastorals, philosophers, Jung and Freud the "place of perfect repose and inner harmony. . . always remembered as a garden" is *romance*. Philosophical pietists maintain that such a place is remembered by everyone. Do you remember?

Golden age literature got established by equating similars, Hyperboreans with Elysians, both with amniotic bliss, but there were only three qualities originally mentioned and the three Greeks share the details the way today, before a movie, you might look up a review to make yourself seem wise. When Pindar quotes, cites or resonates with Homer he is seeking inspiration not to confirm a doctrine.

Romans cribbed the Greek golden age into empire. Italian renaissance pastorals and lyricists out-cribbed the Romans but were themselves out-cribbed by the Spanish and English new world explorers. Eight lines in the *Odyssey about Menelaus*, 15 in *Works and Days* about a golden race, another nine about the Blessed Islands, two parts of two poems by Pindar, one concerning the Hyperboreans, the other the Blessed Islands again. *Voila!*

Have you seen them!

There is little if any sense of nostalgia in these sources for a lost state of oneness or a lingering state of virtue. Those were not the benefits. The benefits were fair weather, three harvests, no sickness. There had to be some means to justify calling it gold.

3.

It only became a golden *age* when Virgil turned the thing on its head and said it was *ahead* of us, not behind. People are suckers for opposites. That there was something to look forward to, that such a state could exist in the future, pleasured a nostalgic looking back to the state which had putatively been. Caught between past and future, references either way were effective; anything but saying this the present age was golden.

The golden age begins with Virgil's *Fourth Eclogue*, begins and ends with it, since Virgil so completely transforms the idea. What Virgil refers to in *Georgics* I and II repeats himself. Poets do repeat themselves, but it is more dangerous when other poets repeat them. The good line echoes a thousand years, but corn transplanted to a cabbage patch is a disaster. Virgil's gold celebrating the birth of a new child and a new race in the fourth eclogue, ended up in Siculus' *Eclogue I* proposing that Nero was going to be the king to bring this to pass. Nero, the perfect iron man, was going to be the golden age king. Desperation.

Confusions of the golden age out of Virgil were better and worse. Strabo said the Elysian Fields were the Fortunate Islands. Plutarch discovered Cronos in Ogygia. Pliny deemed the whole, Fortunate. But Menelaus Homered to Elysium by dying and the heroes who lived in the Blessed Isles got balsamic circumstances from Cronos, says Hesiod. All such places might as well have been on the moon. But domestication was waiting, Virgil transplanted the golden age from its home across the sea to *Latium*, that is, Italy, leading Menelaus and heroes to their new Roman villa. Breezes, harvests and health were supplied just as they had been at the ends of the earth. The conversation was better though, for Menelaus had Aeneas' father, Anchises, to talk to. It is all Virgil's doing in his *Eclogues* and in the *Aeneid*. So the Romans made real progress in building the afterlife.

One administration may call it nation building, planting democracy. Virgil planted Elysium and the Golden Age. Once located, as poets in the courts of all kings will argue, the golden age in Rome given by God made its kings into heroes.. Blessed and golden places sprang up anywhere, although in the discovery of his "new world" of woman Donne passed any bounds Virgil could have foreseen.

Ovid added line and sinker to the golden age when he invented a political, social, pastoral package of the perfect life. His best of all possible worlds fleshed out Virgil. All chiliasts marvel that Ovid could call it merely the first millennium. He gave it laws and said it had no laws. People had no thought of ill, trusted each other. There were no judges, it was a libertine paradise. Everybody just stayed home like (the later) Caesar wanted them to. No cities, no boats, no war in the age of gold. Up popped the cherry and the vine. You could pull gold mistletoe down from the oak. Keats would have called it a *season of mist and mellow fruitfulness*. One thing is certain, they made the golden root in the pastoral.

The point of Menelaus and Anchises, those lonely heroes and their blessedness, was that the afterlife was for the virtuous Good. Gold appears by logic of transference from virtue. Only the good could live in the ease of the golden age. Thus a series of pretenses occurred associating the golden age as a pastoral ideal. Rome is good, hence pastoral. Rome is pastoral, hence good. It doesn't much matter what geographic entity is used, the association is the same. Because the virtuous got gentle breezes and three harvests, in reverse, if you had gentle breezes and three harvests you must be good. Pretend to them, and you have them. This pretense, this **theatre taken as reality, became the whole reason for being of the golden age**. If it was said to be so it was so, the pose of nations and states as gold. Roman nobles dressed up as shepherds just look good.

There are three golden ages. The invented one scholars say the primitives remember and celebrate. The undifferentiated natural world, the one the primitives actually live in where oneness, air and life are one. And the golden age the scholar says existed and thinks about. Lovejoy and Boas led the twentieth century in

defining this last as a "discontent of the civilized with civilization."

4.

It is a joke to say the golden age is lost because the rich are too. The loss of the rich is not an obvious societal problem. Is the golden age? It depends on what you think. Is the golden age a universal myth of consciousness yearning for peace or a psycho myth of the filthy rich?

The excellence and virtuosity that wealth and high standards produced when the rich were titled and landed was always the continuity of civilization fostering from antiquity the high arcs of sculpture, painting, fine arts and a class of standards, Sir Philip Sidney throwing off a sonnet sequence. It was out of these aspirations that the golden age prospered and grew to its exaggeration in Rome and everywhere. Wealth dressed in jeans maybe resembles the noble dressed down as a shepherd, aping the peasant, but the noble took off his costume when the play was ended. The millionaire's wealth mires him in the middle class. The Orpheum theatre is as much a mystery to him as those lost standards. Those landscapes on the wall? It is not known that in Arcady Orpheus shepherded, that the ideal landscape is an abstraction of fine art. We have to leave the millionaire lost if we want to plumb the loss of the golden age as an artistic, literary, psychological problem.

We pretend the golden age is an invention of the rich who no longer exist in order to show that the golden age disguises and expressions common to all ages were only show. It is painful to lose those nymphs lounging in eternal gardens on gold couches where the vine trails fruit of itself and pastel sheep graze under silver clouds as sylphs and satyrs play and the poetic shepherd boy blows his pipe through all that age from Theocritus to Blake. *Oh shepherd boy, thou harmless shepherd boy!* Throw out Keats and Shelley too for they are Arcady's brothers. The pastoral landscape, the golden age, the rich are gone and what remains is subject of an elegiac poem prison.

There are caveats to this. We still need to explain how golden age shibboleths remain in literature, art and criticism, but that is

because they lag substantially, centuries perhaps. Literature has not grasped Shoemaker's encapsulated polycarbonate remains in a vial on the moon, the new Arcady, unless we speak too soon.

The Pelicans For A Golden Age have argued for 200 years it was a dream of the universal unconscious, but only the rich benefited in the Iron Age from celebrating the lost gold. The loss was a substitute for real life for them, a compensation of guilt maybe, a sanction of upper class treasure and pleasure. But even if the rich no longer exist to sustain the myth, which is replaced with microfinance and global flat, the golden age was never a dream of the unconscious in the first place. Neither were the events sustaining our memories. They were real. We lament the golden past both because it was an invention foisted upon the dim origins of consciousness and because it is a fantasy. We backtrack to see the process of this myth of the rich who gained from the material benefits of the gold they said we all sought to find.

It was not a spiritual quest for *Wholeness*, but a material one for social control. Afterward, via their thought makers, these controllers said that gold nature was moral, a psychic good. They posed as altruists celebrating this idealism as if they wanted to be like the peasant in its recapture, to milk cows, detassel corn, plow fields. The golden age as an upper class myth abstracted from its origins produced aristocrats who celebrated the peasant, but didn't do dishes, cut their own grass or raise their own children. They pretended to be alienated from nature in order to celebrate this status.

The golden age was always a mythic celebration of how the rich were alienated from nature by their wealth, dressed as peasants, but otherwise financially clothed. Discontent of the civilized with civilization sums up the Queen dressed as a milkmaid, the nobleman dressed as a shepherd, just trying to rediscover their roots. Nobility divided from folk all right, but the big myth of the golden age was that the nobility wanted to be ordinary. They didn't want to be folk any more than the folk were alienated from nature, unless you think farmers pine for the great outdoors. Nobility wrote books, endowed professors, defined the golden. They just needed to milk a cow. The golden age was their dream substitute for a cow.

The first poets used the golden age to critique the Iron Age in which they lived, but the iron has rusted even more than when those flakes and oxidation drifted Roman streets. Virgil was alleged to *close that rift between the isolated self and its natural environment, that yearning for still more distant periods, that prelapsarian longing to reestablish contact with. . . his aboriginal situation," a time of oneness, spring, childhood and love*.

The train they want to ride back to Homer however stops much before the *Virgilian heart cry*. The fault line between the cerebral and the natural, Puritan Fear, runs unprovoked by the dark woods and the wild men of a few hundred years ago. It separates the intellect from dark nature's fallen form. What could be more perverse than a professor writing about a farmer, telling us the farmer dreams of being one with nature? It is the professor's dream to be one with nature and with him the dream of the intellect. But he won't leave his tower any more than his students will leave the internet. The peasant has no such dream.

This invented isolated self and the assumption of its division from nature is still strong in the getaway industry where weekend city dwelling poets go to hills and workshops in order to "write." In an earlier time the queen clowning as a milkmaid was a counterfeit scene supposedly recapturing what was lost, but Ovid observed what was really lost, not however this disconnection. He lamented the effect of spade and plough on earth. What was lost according to the reinterpreted myth was the entire organic world divorced from the cerebral, which division caused that search for the pastoral ideal. But who says it was lost except for the authors?

The golden age gives these afflicted intellectual agencies an excuse not to stop talking. The artist, professor, executive, patron of the arts who dream of that time when all was one in the much ballyhooed civilization of the discontent is as separate from the rustic as the rustic is from that thought. Blame streetlights that stars aren't out. Can't feel the sun? Blame the AC. Are there shepherds in the fields by night? Who has time to sit outside? Such absurdities as poly-amory, enforced community, capitalism and communism got blamed on the golden age. It comes of too much thinking.

The golden age as an over-intellectualized self-alienated view of nature and humanity was wrapped in the guise of a pastoral by people who never had real jobs (work done with hands), let alone were shepherds. The applications, the excesses of the idea were absurd quite early, but the argument goes that Virgil and Ovid would never have made of it what they did were their creations not drawn from a deep chord of some kind. The assumption of this deep chord is the argument that seeks to prove a universal subconscious altruistic vision of nature and of man, but **this "chord" is the self-aggrandizement that money perfects among the wealthy, the intellectual, the entitled**, *The Beautiful and the Damned.* How absurd that the peasant had to wait until the renaissance to imitate the rich when the rich had been imitating peasants since Rome. The loss of classical tradition entire takes yet another century to squeeze the last juice from this not exhausted, but disinterested rind.

Other than the few abstractions such as no laws, etc., little thought was given in these celebrations to the positive traits of that first golden age because stasis continued there unabated. Only in nature could the effects of unabated stasis be seen. Honey in the oak became the golden bough. Grapes hung like rubies, corn was like gold. The gold flower was gold. But while the mineral transformation of nature "improved" it with gold status, this imagination never transferred to people. They never got any better. Donne asks, "But who ere saw, though nature can work so, / That pearl, or gold, or corn in man did grow?" (*To the Countess of Bedford*, 65-66). Flowers might be made of gold, which the handy Midas myth explained in part, but people did not look gold, even if they were made of it. The architecture of the golden age as a universal myth is decoration and diversion.

The golden age myth became a commercial dream to sell the product of wholeness to the very people who didn't need it. The ones who needed it were the ones who advertised it. Burger King needs to sell burgers. You don't need to eat them but they have to make you believe you do. The intellectual needed to sell the myth of alienation of nature to salve himself, but farmers didn't buy it. It was a play to salve the pain of not doing your own work.

Ever meet a cowboy alienated from nature? It is always the empowered modern, the court, legislature, scholar who feels alienated, disenfranchised from the natural world, the one. The empowered define their own sentimentality, transcribe and translate the oral languages, define the tribal structures in museums and in so doing they create it. What they leave was not there before they came. Then the world was one. Would you rather be one but unaware of two, or two and lament the loss of the one? In the words of these powers, this alienation was *generated out of a sense of lack in the civilized observers*.

I already have the past. Childhood and youth are mine forever. The present I labor to obtain I also have, but the future is the thing I lean toward. The purpose is always the same in the tension between then and now posed by idealist critics, the golden age against the putative iron, or in psychological terms, growing up against grown up, child against adult, naive against nostalgia: **to empower the sanctions this juxtaposition gives to the ruling order**.

Oddly these same scholars could accept the present. If they do not and long for better, for good air and clean water, it is because they are confined to their apartments, books and protocols and divorced from a greater whole, but they reject it so how can it be greater? What they really are saying is that they have no myth of paradise. This was the same emphasis of Homer, that fictional writer who invented the golden age to explain life in the iron. The dissonance of their choice to reject the primitive folk life as being superior they cannot accept as dissonant. Are not they the guardians, the referees? So if they are dissatisfied it must *not* be because *they* made the wrong choices, to live in their hats, it must be because everybody shares a universal myth of the oneness that everyone has lost. The ones who lost it were themselves.

--Mythological Origins of America

It's not any way comforting to believe that the Golden Age is a stooge for something else with another name that completely contradicts its accepted origin and cause. Prepackaged accounts give out the Golden Age as an after life state in Hesiod and Homer that Virgil transferred to the present life. Virgil invented much, even if he was hijacked by notions older than Hesiod and not a bit Greek. The Pergamon Altar replays an antagonism between ancient forces. Older myths do not promise earthly bliss like the Golden Age. They promise you will be eaten. Set and Osiris, the Titans and Chaos. Hades means "the unseen" Greek god of the underworld.

Restorations of the Golden Age, would should have been titled *Refutations*. It included such sentences as, “Europe reduplicated Greek mythology exactly in the new world, finding fictional parallels of Ophir and Hades in the Indies. The American voyage represents a descent into hell, an Orphic event. Such a drift toward the underworld was evidently what Columbus wished for his critics at home when he proposed ‘another journey’ for them: ‘Let the habitual critics and fault-finders sitting safely at home ask me now: ‘why did you not do this in those circumstances?’ I should like to have had them there on that voyage. But I truly believe that another journey of a different character is in store for them if there is any reliance to be placed upon our Faith.”

Thomas Campion’s Latin poem *Ad Thamesin* (1595) describes more of the other journey, saying that America was poetically Hades, the literal sense of the gloss “*Americae poetica descriptio*” appended to the lines,

“There is a place in the west sacred to Dis hidden in the waves, which the blessed Nereus and Oceanus, taking pity on men, concealed.”

[He concealed it out of pity that if they found it it would be to their destruction.]
At first the consecrated place appears to be “hidden” in the waves, secluded from discovery “beneath the unknown waters,” but it emerges from the sea as Dis complains,

“Why does this island remain unseen? The earth groans with its weight, with shining gold ripened in its fertile womb.”

The word “poetical” in the sense of a “poetical description” of America should be understood as a poetical device or interpretation of Elysium wherein ancient poets held that Elysium was in Hell, as opposed to philosophers who thought Elysium was the Fortunate Islands and theologians who thought it was the dark side of the moon. In calling Hades an island Campion may be thinking of the America of naive geography, an impediment around which to seek passage for India; but it is also there that Bermuda served as a model for Dis’s home in its reputation for storms and devils, already well known.

The poem juxtaposes the defeat of the Spanish Armada of 1588 with the rivalry between England and Spain for the new world. The imagery of storms in the poem, “A gloomy storm and unseasonable night,” suits both the storm that wrecked the Armada and the storms of the Indies. According to Campion, the attempted Spanish invasion was motivated by the Spanish who in their travels looked too long into the fountain of envy in hell, where Dis entertained them, and became jealous of England, the land of “white cliffs,” “the island which sparkled with white rocks in the spring.’ The two islands, England and America are thus implicitly compounded with one another because the Spanish threaten both; the poem spans two worlds of fortune, the old and the new. The island of Dis is invisible, “remains unseen,” both for its concealment by the underground lord and for the fact that it remains undiscovered. Dis would have the Spanish newly plant civilization, and since the Spaniards seek a place “sacred to Dis” he [Dis] asks Oceanus to give them smooth passage. The phrase "gold ripened in its fertile womb" joins gold with the human womb, which was a common association among the English and the Spanish. Copying older writers they found trees too as mines which yielded literal gold "walnuts" or nuggets as much as they could find gold "as big as the head of a child.' These images do not seem as bizarre in the naive "golden" sense that C. S. Lewis uses to describe the best of Elizabethan poetry. He means an easy grasp of the image, but there is no ease about the underpinnings of Dis, for all the good fun of the Renaissance most knowledge of Dis came from no knowledge, otherwise it would be said as Campion does at the start, that it would be altogether "another" voyage.

But Oceanus gives the Spanish a freshening east wind to sink their fleet on the shoals, only diverting his plan when "he realized that you, Drake, would bring destruction to the Spaniards, and noble Frobisher of outstanding daring, and likewise the wealthy Cavendish bringing back rich spoils to his native shores from new successes; for fortune favors bold hearts."

This blatant English propaganda was everywhere in these writings. The Spanish were then examined by Hyperion, who "wondered what new colonist had come into unknown lands." Dis cast a spell on the Spanish youth: "The Hesperians were mourning not out of respect for the bard but because they were indeed wracked by the vision of the noxious fountain." Good stuff, this fountain of envy, where "the Spanish youth greedily flooded their eyes with the waters," is the stated cause of the Armada in 1588. Finally "the diseases of Phlegethon and raving madness, unwelcome pain, and Erinnys lauding her own death sent the Spaniards down under black Tartarus." Thus America (Hades) seems to swallow up the Spanish so that Britain can occupy, while at the same moment the Armada is defeated. Tartarus and Elysium, the two levels of hell, are both realized in that the Spanish do down under Tartarus while the British go on to Elysium.

--The Golden Age Is Mad

The Golden Age is mad. It holds out a fantasy entirely something else, promises immortality as a means to enslave. The rich who think to get the gold pretend to be poor, dress as peasants and lament their loss of the natural. And these are merely from Virgil.

The modern transhuman golden age promises free energy and space projection mad as a super collider. It twists torsion to engineer reality of the Horror Myths while promising a better life, a longer life, freedom from want, as did Rome.

How dress up the unthinkable in pretty clothes? Smile and be the serpent under it. We impose a narrative on events or it is done for us. If it seems inevitable the means have skill, but the character comes first who imposes.

Who imposes narrative? The universe rounded to the Singular at its making comes from nothing before its fields exist. Of multiples the universe might take, it has one. Can life or history

differ from the universe? One becomes many by the observation of a mind that selects narrative. Mind is the maker, we do not say brain, an organ of mind. Brain exists in the gut, intelligence in blood.

So open a retake on golden age America, reverse *E. Pluribus Unum*, science, biology and history, myths that stand behind an America unsuspected, a golden age of terror, and a science more fearsome than all.

These *Papers Collected toward a Fictional History of the Future* are fiction. That said with a wink, we got out our mattocks in the night and dug a hole. Every intent was made for speech with integrity. Help in research came as Ezekiel said when

> “the hand of the Sovereign LORD came upon me
> and I looked and saw a figure of a man.
>
> From his waist down he appeared on fire,
> and above he was bright as glowing metal.
>
> He took me by the hair. The Spirit lifted me up
> between earth and heaven. In visions of God
>
> I saw the idol that provokes to jealousy.
> I saw through a hole in the wall, went into a door.
>
> Every kind of crawling creeping thing
> Detestable and bestial hung on the wall.
>
> Seventy elders worshiped there.
> Each had a censer; a cloud of incense rose.

When I was an unseeing Ezekiel, and assayed these matters from outside the wall in Virgil’s Fourth Eclogue, in prophecies of *Novus Ordo Seclorum, Restorations of the Golden Age in New World Discoveries* it was called. This accompanied a lyric narrative, *A Calendar of Poems,* meant to show the times and seasons of it all, which *Calendar* began invoking Virgil, but the title, *Encouragements for such as shall have Intention to be* ***Undertakers in its Planting*** betrayed the cause. As Sir Thomas Campion dashed, America was Hades, which

Elizabethan satirists Shakespeare and Thomas Randolph et. al. would say. Now that we have a Golden Age of every kind, do men claim the immortal, is there plenty? Contradictions are sufficient for the claim. The secrets of the Elders in their guise keep no exact chronology in the spin of unbelieved Babylon, Giants, Nephilim, Moloch, Balaam, Osiris, Zeus, Nazis, NASA, physics, biology and government. *We want to keep the light going if we can,* so the trek begins.

--Nova Golden Age

That Roman America, the United States is not mentioned in the Biblical prophets, has bothered those who think it's a Christian nation. It’s in their interest to be in the Bible, if only because the U.S. is the greatest world power since Rome, and Rome is mentioned! Well the good news is that it is, but the bad news is that it's not what they want it to be. Behind the hand, language

loves to tip off those in the know. Public officials get entry into secret things this way. Whenever elected men of peace bring war, the public will say, "who knew, he was a good guy," and they will say the same if they ever find out about the Capitol Dome where George Washington rises into heaven.

The New World Order as a revival of the oldest myth of gods is the real golden age, as in the Altar of Pergamos and its gigantomachy, the altar of Zeus, a picture of one of its most famous expressions. The columns, you may believe, represent the pillars of democracy. The blue is the pure sky of intention. Do not look too close at the frieze. There is a giant bull shaped kettle roasting over the coals.

This altar is what President Obama had designed as a backdrop for his Denver acceptance speech. The foreground mimics the Ishtar Gate through which, after the fall of Jerusalem, the captives passed into the inner city of Babylon. Ishtar may be considered the public relations arm of Babylon, located in the same Berlin Museum as the Pergamos Altar, stolen in the last century by the Germans. It was a one stop shop for the president. If not in words, at least in images, the hidden was revealed, which in terms of the *Novus Ordo Seclorum* on the American seal is, simplified, that the sweet Golden Age of Hesiod and Homer is really the golden ego of Osiris. The three harvests occur in his guise as Apollo, or if you like Apollyon, or as the Hebrews say, Abaddon the destroyer. Three harvests, gentle breezes, the myth says that something golden this way comes.

Medieval Christians, Emperor Constantine and all other office holders construed Virgil's Fourth Eclogue as a prophecy of Christ. But pre-Christian Rome was preparing a golden age for somebody else which can be seen on the Great Seal of the United States. which looks like a hex sign. Citizens explore this symbolism when they plunk down a dollar. It is on the back. Hiding with symbol and misdirection of language in all this points one way and looks another, say yes while shaking the head no. But signs tip the mystics up. Put in a nutshell, unbelievably, they believe there are vertical shafts stacked on top one another toward the center of the earth that hide the biggest secret of all. You think I'm making this up! Well is this fiction or not? These nine shafts topped by two pillars in the

ancient world, before the Flood, needed to be revived. Hence America was the New Atlantis hidden in a caldron in the bowels of Moriah, kept by keepers of the Secret, whose goal was to know the Name Above Every Name. But they were blinded. This name was not however the *Novus ordo seclorum* that Virgil contributed for the great Seal of the US, the mouths of Presidents inviting, like on the 1910 Newfoundland six cent stamp, “Lord Bacon the Guiding Spirit in Colonization Scheme.”

Among these harbingers of the new, the new is the old. Restorations of the golden age in new world discoveries? The old that is rising is not as the Arab spring, but subtexts under the waters of Babylon’s canoe. After much wind and sea and fish the water is fire. We slip out of the boat to be swallowed like Jonah who however gives us the same advice John of Patmos did. These thoughts, ranging pole to pole, now radical beyond keep, now traditional, plumb deep into the effluvia below and discover in consciousness what one would never want to know.

Bring back Hemingway! To arms! Arms and the man, oops, sorry man, Virgil again. As to the eye on the pyramid on the dollar bill, that is not the one God, neither is that name hidden in a vault.

Note:

" On the great wall of Babylon, adjacent to Ishtar’s Gate, was a mosaic image of a horned bull, representing the sun god. The horns were symbolic of the Babylonian god’s power over the hearts of men." Pergamans were worshipping demons who told them that they could not accept their sacrifices because Antipas was casting them out. The governor tried to convince Antipas that the older things are more honorable than the new, therefore the religion of the Greeks was more honorable than the Christian because older and improved with time. Antipas replied that even though Cain was older than his brother Abel, Abel was accepted by God and Cain was not. Cain, by killing his brother is hated and despised by all men who have lived thereafter, even though he was older, therefore the Greeks' impiety is hateful to the Christians who came later, even though it is older. When the Greeks heard this and aged Antipas refused to pinch some incense in the red hot copper bull-shaped altar of Caesar, he was thrown into the same brazen altar alive and

roasted. While there he thanked God for being worthy to suffer for His love.

Gigantomachy

Giants are the rulers of this golden age as far as can be “seen.” Gigantomachy, giant war, brings each element of this equation in view. Changing before the eyes is important to the thing, but it hardly matters what opposites structure on chaos. It is designed to prevent understanding. Look at the faces of crowds and firefighters in the lobby of South Tower. Their incomprehension changed to knowledge in a short hour.

Religious and political governments, like twin towers, corporate, not individual or personal, gate keep complete occupation. Go downtown after collapse? Go with a gun. Political is the first tower down we think. It had power until the 200 million were unleashed.

If you want to hear giant and giant talk NBC won't report, or of their killers, Joshua of Og, David of Goliath, Beowulf of Grendel, go there. Giants need convergence to make Sedona proud, hybrids, world brain, Fortean zoology, magic religion, mythological historical beings as space time interns.

What do giants do? They eat people in *The Hobbit* and Narnia, in *The Odyssey*, in Icelandic sagas, in Rubens and Goya, Wagner's *The Nibelung’s Ring* (See Shaw, The Perfect Wagnerite), Das Rhine Gold as much as in Moloch, always a blind of the physical as much as lust of the sons of god is for the daughters of men. Not the real game. Giants eat something else, which however is metaphor less apprehended. Call it the mind which after all is what the blood represents, the energy. In feedlot libraries and slaughterhouse universities, what is consumed is not merely see. It is the mind not the flesh the monoploid eats. So the blood

sacrifices to giants are about life itself. Circle to the transhuman who want immortality by any means, even human extinction, a good since the human is vestigial, like the appendix. Global terrorists have reasons as obscure as why Saturn ate.

But get that Saturn didn't eat children from malice or jealousy, but to feel better, for cremation of care, to purge by making them suffer. Saturn is Moloch. Inversion of the expected, the more it suffers is all the better to eat you with. Then the better it feels to Moloch. Screams and terror nourish. This psychology of the eidolia we explore further in II and III of bloody theories, *Hallucinatory Eidolia* and *Banquo's Safe*. With all due respect to Government, nobody has shown the horror like Goya in his Black paintings at *Quinta del Sordo* (*Villa of the Deaf Man*) where analysts are no closer to finding out the problem of evil since the only way to understand it is to do it, and then rue it.

To get favor from the god and purge their unworthiness, parents sacrificed children on braziers. It would be as if patrons came to Goya's dining room and did what the paintings do in front of the image.

For all this Alan Ginsburg would not say Moloch was an endogenous door of monuments and domes that spurt seed into governments to take over presidents in plain sight so newspapers can disreport. Moloch, extinct from Egypt, Moloch swell of Babylon, Moloch: "Ashcans and unobtainable dollars! Congress of sorrows! Moloch whose buildings are judgment! Moloch whose blood is running money! Moloch whose name is the Mind **...** moloch whose 'apartments stand In the streets like lonely endless crazy genlusses and spectral goliath whose names Is America Moloch**...,"** devoted god in the shape of an owl that swallows the care of George Bush. Archimago-Ginsburg cloaked with simpleness. Guilt, pain, anguish gone up in sacrifice.

"Here was a bronze statute of Chronos, with his hands palm upward and inclined toward the ground so that the child put on them rolled down in a pit full of fire" (Diodorus Siculus, also Plutarch of the Phoenicians). Child sacrifice to Moloch, animals "devoted" to Moloch, Tanith, Ban of the Bori, lizard shaped among the Hausa, mail order Russian brides, passing through the fire, firewalking, abortion, child killing, sacrifice. Monster M-

Machine swallowing workers, Fritz Lange, *Cabiri, Jeremiah 7.31, Leviticus 20.2.* "Every time that a child was placed in them the priests of Moloch spread out their hands before **to burden him with the crimes of the people**, vociferating:

"They are not men but oxen!" and the multitude round about repeated: "Oxen! oxen!" The devout exclaimed: "Lord! eat!" and the priests of Proserpine complying through terror with the needs of Carthage, muttered the Eleusinian formula."

Flaubert's Salammbo, found at Carthage and other places in Sardinia, Malta and Sicily, in the late 1990s *tophets* of cinerary urns containing bones and ashes and votive objects were retrieved from ransacking on the mainland just outside Tyre in the Phoenician homeland, pretty much the way they were found in Benjamin Franklin's basement 200 years after he lived in London.

Otto Eissfeldt said "immanence," "emanation," "dialectical materialism" merely dress up old Moloch, massacre of innocence, the wife of *Baal,* Asherah and the wife of Molech, *Ashteroth*, the same goddess, veiled in allegory, illustrated by symbols of the *Faerie Queene*, Orgoglio and men turned to beasts, a new discovery of Guiana where gold as big as the head of a child was a counterfeit pleasure of death, where a grape was a ruby or emerald gold, a perversion of nature, really made immortal by sucking the life, "now turned to figures hideous, / According to their minds like monstrous." Golden excess spelled death naked in the fountain where Tantalus reached for the poison fruit and Mammon/Moloch loosed its hair, covered the body in gold, not the silver apples of the moon, the golden apples of the sun, but the apples where nothing is real, the perfumed airs, silver rivers, enameled meadows where allegory illustrated by symbols perpetrates a maze. All this is found in the aggregate.

The events come in bits. When we say it arrived, a decade, four, millennia, there are historical victims of gigadeath to boggle belief. In the light of pleasures, meals, comforts, we hardly prepare resistance to begin.

Several texts and subtexts understand this Equation of the Four

Transhuman horses, biological hybrids, contact with the other world, resurrecting the DNA past of extinct species, and the trillion, trillion Singletary artificial brain.

Add symbolic political reordering of government by "constructive chaos," a doctrine unto itself, implemented with revived architecture of Egyptian mythology to grasp these eidolia, but taken as real to establish a new order sanctioned with mechanisms of scapegoat, thought goats, child sacrifice meant to subvert, disturb and contradict the one supreme human reality, the relation of the man, woman and child.

To destroy the human, betray the wedding of the humans and their children, a true relation neither alchemical or symbolic, but real, the forces that foil, defeat and destroy that relation emerge.

What is so important about symbolic Egyptian intercourse to bring back a defeated god that it should attract such support in later cultures spanning thousands of years to express itself in massive architectural monuments intertwining the great political and religious powers?

--Gilgamesh

Gilgamesh gives the most radical attack against the religion of Uruk by denouncing Ishtar as "the foul goddess," She lets in the cold and turns men to frogs after she emasculates them in her bed. His rejection of her is just opposite his own behavior with women. He takes all daughters, wives, brides before their nuptials as his right. How he is different in this from most boys in high school or frat boys I don't know. He is big, he is strong, he imposes his will on woman. He sounds like the kind of man to take down. But Ishtar can't.

Accusations against Gilgamesh range from

pornography and tyranny to impersonating Nimrod and godhood, that when his tomb was dug up from the Euphrates the US army took tablets of lapis lazuli in a copper box, details in the poem, to their secret labs for DNA tests to revive the monster into a super soldier. They YouTube correlate this with Niburu, etc. so scared stiff you don't read the poem, but any Christian atheist like Abraham or Daniel would like it, or Kierkegaard or anybody that sees little copper boxes with tablets in them as way too sacred. That's what Isaiah says, their beliefs are too sacred for belief, like Yeats gibbering at spirits or transhumanists taking ayahuasca DMT to contact grasshoppers.

Even the gods don't take him down when they send his double Enkidu to match him. The two are friends and the double is lost in death which drives Gilg to seek the essence of life and he goes deep into the darkness after the one who is supposed to know. But the secret is stolen from him by a serpent and he ends up back in Uruk. Where else is there to go. He's stuck in life with nowhere left to go. He sounds like a man. That must be the attraction John Gardner found in his "translation," who knows as much cuneiform
as me.

Surely Gardner's Grendel is a take on Gilgamesh with a twist or two. Yoking Gil with Nimrod is a stretch taken by the same people who link DNA with the I Ching with supposed out spaced time-funkers coming in to Nod. Nimrod and G have Uruk in common, but the Gilgamesh syndrome that animal rights activists name after him is equally mistaken. Enkidu the wild man sets the traps and the animals in them free. Gilgamesh only kills animals to clothe himself. I see no mass extermination in the poem. I see a man who goes across the dark space in himself to confront the essential question of why he lives.

If the Midrash account of Abraham that has Nimrod throw him in the furnace for breaking the gods of Uruk is true then G has more in common with Abraham than with Nimrod. The two significantly differ on reverence for their gods. The breaking of the gods is the breaking of tyranny, something the apparent fathers of the American revolution missed, with all their paeans to freedom, or should we say pagans. The multiplicity of gods is what Abraham is breaking, and Israel after him, with some

notable exceptions in actually taking up the same gods Abraham broke. Life is contradictory.

Now that scientists have decided they can do what G could not, find immortality, except they do it through science, if you call science the mixture of human with bestial genes, the very thing Gardener was after in Grendel, but without the science, just the psychology, then add to that their super super collider artilect brain and you have a better life on earth. You can live but only under the thumb of it, pick one, alien, scientist, demi-god, so back to Gilgamesh and it's time for another double to appear to confront the injustice of the power and domination over woman who stands in for human creation. Happily this is available. The seed of the woman has already saved through childbearing, I mean of course the one who really did what Gilgamesh tried and failed at, the conquering of death, no double then either. Let us call Him the Transcendent One!

We don't want to give away the end of the story though here, but explore it with continual revisions, composing live, more or less. The Madness of the Golden Age could be called the Madness of Science, Religion and Politics, probably will be, unless other temptations make it into Transmuten Morton.

Always seeking firm facts like the Gilgamesh poem or the images of Washington Ascending Into Heaven in the US capitol dome or the architecture thereof, let it be said that if the stelles and obelisks of the Mall and Vatican think they harbinger some new Osiris, and so many critics allow it to be so, the prophet Isaiah is against them, which is like saying William Blake broke their teeth, in English.

Isaiah says "The Egyptians will no longer speak Egyptian, but the language, which the Judahites speak, and thus they will be one with the Jews...It is not without point that Isaiah here designates God as the Lord of hosts, for it is necessary to emphasize His supreme sovereignty as over against the nothingness of Egypt's idols." (Edward J. Young. The Book of Isaiah, II,35).

"A further characteristic of the glorious period to come is seen in that there will be an altar in Egypt dedicated to the Lord, and

near the boundary of Egypt a pillar devoted to the Lord" (37). "The matztzeviah is a stone memorial which may possibly be suggested by its resemblance to the Obelisk…There is reason for mentioning this standing stone as being on the boundary of Egypt, for as Jacob had erected the pillar because of God's presence, so the pillar in Egypt will indicate the presence of God" (38).

Now if this runs counter to the Masonic vote, the Babylonian or any mad scientist plans, archeologists et. al., it at least shows that as the idols were broken, as they were breaking, Abraham may not have known what apparently Gilgamesh had already contributed to the effort, but Nimrod didn't know either. So read the ancient poem and break the gods.

--Cleaning the Augean Imagination

King Augeas owned more cattle than anybody in Greece. Thousands of cows and goats stabled there each night. There was a stink. Hercules turned the rivers to clean them, but this is not about cattle, stables or manure, but imagination. So these things in the Augean stables, to simply clean them? Isn’t their memory their existence? Doesn’t taking away memory take away life? But living with stink is a problem when consciousness comes.

In PTSD, consciousness breaks involuntarily in upon dreams. Smells, memories, fears. The example comes to mind is Arthur Rimbaud who divides his life in two over the “hope of recovering the key to his lost innocence” (Henry Miller, “When Do Angels Cease to Resemble themselves? A Study of Rimbaud." *New*

Directions 9, 39). So to quote Rimbaud: “if my spirit were always wide-awake…I would not have given in to degenerate instincts, to a forgotten epoch.” Miller says, “what it was that sealed his vision, and thereby brought about his doom, no one knows-and probably no one ever will know.” All our lives are filled with such events, maybe not all, but they are neutralized by selection, amnesia, drugs. In other words Rimbaud gives himself up to debauch, every vice just to forget the pain, the lost innocence. He made himself monstrous. He made himself a comprachicoes, who change the appearance of human beings by mutilating children. He mutilates his soul inexpertly we may say, which in the end is his salvation because his making monstrous doesn’t take and he turns to faith.

There are many likenesses to psychological disfigurement in the comprachicoes' mutilations. They removed the memory of dislocated joints, stunting the spine, burning the face, incisions, manipulations and restraints with a drug, a stultifying powder, an anesthetic escape, so that the mind's ability to recall the depravities imposed on it was deadened, and if remembered, remembered with an anesthetic so the meaning of the pain was masked with forgetfulness. Consciousness reconstructs, reconnects the pain with its meaning by removing the bandage of inoculated, anesthetic memory. Then the pain of realization begins. This happens over a lifetime and is different from immediate traumas of assault and consequent memories treated with propranolol. This drug is said to pose an identity dilemma since our memories make us who we are and their removal prevents learning from our mistakes, the point being that if the comprachicoes could have administered propranolol they could have gone on mutilating and maiming ad infinitum, like the mandarin who is taken to another planet to be tortured forever in exchange for peace on earth. Peace at the price of no memory. So our sufferings make us whole in this view.

There is no lack of disinfectant of the making monstrous and its memory among the unfeeling, but to take a view through metaphor, that wind is greater than water, that is, the wind of consciousness is greater than the water of memory and identification of the pain, you can know that on mountaintops, but down at the pain, at sea level, mere humidity swallows you up without a fish in sight. Swallowed by a fish, wake up in the

belly, cradle and earth. Similarities to a fish belly are darkness, humidity, forces. Subject to forces and denial makes a Jonah. Staying away from the beach won't help. You get to be a hundred, two hundred and start to wake to these forces. Three hundred and even in Bilbo Baggins the belly light dawns in the dark.

So here's the premise, God will rescue him out of his trouble. The trouble is himself and the forces. He doesn't come without a past even if he doesn't know. He doesn't come without a present even if he doesn't feel. It gives meaning to blindness. If it weren't for friends along the way, women usually, who save his life, he wouldn't survive at all. He doesn't want to give account of the women though, he wants to account the forces. He wants to take out after them but he has to face himself. All unmentionable, all dark shot with rays, lots of rays, but the light doesn't blind him. The dark does. Even in darkness light dawns for the upright. He gets to be compassionate because of the dark, the affliction, the pain that lines tiled hallways of cement floors, all along halls in different states of dementia, drooling, moaning. This is no dream but an image from the past. He's not nobody from the Midwest, he's worse. He comes out of the grave shorn, unshorn with the memory of his sins. His sins, unless you say the innocent are the oppressed and what is done to the kindreds, the strange fruits of their tortures, beatings, is the fault of some enemy. That's the one, the enemy of forces. So he looked at three hundred into the dark and it was getting light. By then he had lived twenty lives, thirty. By then the illuminant hadn't filled every corner of the hallway in the belly. They were all still there, but without the same power, like they had lost mass, like oxygenated rivers diverted in their midst Cleaning the Augean Imagination. This river he could float but not like some aging Huxley or Loren Eiseley reimaging evolution, floating on his back down the canyons of rock. Even at three hundred the light that dawns is still earth light the pains gibber at. He walks down the center of the hall like he did the first time. What did the boy see but what we know? They could not touch him. They had to wait for that. That hadn't happened yet.

What was it like in Noah's childhood? Playing with too much water. Jonah, playing at the wharf with pelicans for pets would come home with shells in a bag. Nobody can say if we're all that

way. Oh do not call them naive who kick in the belly womb. The fish is their life. Life is their fish. Moses floated early. How far is it to where he kicks the rock. He hit the rock with his stick. He hit the rock! The rock has a sense of humor about it even at the time it puts Moses to bed in Egypt. We go down to get his body in a few years the way we go down to get our memory of the dirty hallway with its stretchers and wheelchairs. The results of the finished work of the comprachicoes are all along both sides of the hall, misshapen, drooling. Funny it has no smell. That was from all the disinfectant. There was no lack of disinfectant among the unfeeling. Then of course there were all the drugs pumped into the skin. That was before drugs were so common. All the pains took them. Palsy took him drugs. Rage took Valium. Lust had a range of pharmacopoeia. Hatred must have eaten some. Sicknesses all. Diseases all. Rampant in the hall. Covered when the Lord entered that hall long before and found a species of Noah and Jonah. A hall more like a tunnel of misery. My sin was there that I resurrect here. My sins were theirs. The enemies inoculate you with pain. Redemption is not cleansing like a nuclear flash, or a flood. It feels more like a plant growing.

If water is the symbol of pain then there are different sizes of vessel in which the volume of water collects. That does not indicate the pain is greater, it just means it is felt more because of the larger vessel. The water from a kitchen spigot is nothing compared to a thunder storm on the mountain, when the runs off the mountain and collects in the vessel. The vessel feels the more than when a slicker laid on the ground. Jonah was this kind of runoff. He had to be sunk to make an impression.

The Divine Comedy: The Inferno

There are beings in the underground not to be dug up, but covered, as if to say that "all that can be seen from outside is a big hole; that, however, really leads nowhere" (Muir tr. Kafka, “The Burrow”). The real entrance "at a thousand paces from this hole lies covered by a movable layer of moss." This entrance is far from the decoy and has many exits, so if we come to the underground it is to things hidden, buried, not to be dug. The self, the real, has many counterfeits to protect it, an elaborate shape to cover, there to explore, not to know, but however to do. There being no philosophy, only action worth telling, all action above ground is somehow symbolic of below.

Everything is good as long as the reader is under the reflection of the above, but go deeper below and all bets are off. Then we prefer to walk past the monuments erected by ourselves or others and pretend they are something else, like the shag carpet Dante climbs up and down is a foothold in the underneath, anything but what it is, the frozen visage of Satan down which he descends. We could stop to look at it a while, except maybe we realize then that there are other frozen statues there and run like hell. So it's one thing to be a kid and walk up a sewer pipe like it's a park and there are birds singing not bats, what does it matter when you are invincible and eternal, but it's another when you have to walk down a corridor inhabited by human corpses still breathing with long stringy hair with grimaces and slobbering with gestures to come closer, body after body of insanity, then the boy is afraid. Well maybe not ever afraid, but incredulous and amazed. The image stays as you can see of the

worst fates of the human that most people can never know, they hardly exist anymore in those sanitized white gowned beings who shuffle jacketed with Thorazine, replaced now by the universal fear of losing the self, all memory of life while still alive, not know the faces you meet, but add to that inhumanity all the heroic gestures made to keep life alive in the dead, as if there were no better place than to suffer in this asylum. This easily gets sensational and murky as if it were a pedestal of some severed head.

It is dark to meditate the underworld, "hell is murky," not funny at all like when we contemplate the ditches of the Inferno with all those cute tortures, knives and hatchets sticking out of the walking penalties, the reptile biting (xxx, 53-56) Cinfa, "the reptile's nether limbs round his thighs / While twixt the sinner's legs the tail was thrust," just the kind of thing that so excites Leonard Baskin in his woodcuts, the tortures of Tiresias (xx, 40) facing back, twisted but the torso is seen from the back, ho, ho, or snakes "twisting in knots and boring through their loins" (xxiv, 99-100)with great plains of *chiaro oscuro* scapes, Nebuchadnezzar on his knees (xxi, 44), or looks like, and another "pierced throat" or severed head. We like the severed head, like comics, the internet, the movies where we can just turn our heads, shut our eyes or revel in the all naked, for there is no clothing in the underworld, no niceties, no cloaks or underpins, feathers or garments, just sagging flesh and flaccid, no six packs unless we have double vision when we see the three faces of Dis (xxxiv, 35-36).

Is the underworld polluted? It goes without saying, but, if it reaches up to daylight so is not only under ground. Canoeing down the upper Allegheny in early spring, water cold as ice made the effluent that poured from bordering factories steam. This came from the Clarion River too but not the upper Susquehanna. The steam rose from a white, foamy brown scum over the surface, factory after factory. Storm drains that can be explored show the elaborate branches of the effluent. The neighboring towns of Chartiers Creek installed such drains. Boys walked miles up, further and further as the concrete tubes got smaller and smaller, as if some sphincter operated the flow, then a trickle at the foot. Creeks, rivers, air and earth would flood their banks in season over farms that bordered Chartiers Creek

and flood over the golf course on the other side which froze in winter to a nine hole skating rink. In summer the flotsam and jetsam ran over felled tree trunks and railroad scrap from train wrecks which left cars and giant cubes of metal in the flood.

One walked the railroad tracks with a .22 to shoot out the glass insulator bulbs on the power lines beside the trains, with flares and torpedoes picked up or jimmied from the metal shacks, strapping torpedoes to a rock, dropping another rock from twenty feet above from a bridge to see how many it took to explode. Slag piles from strip mining were still fresh as deep pits with swells of green a hundred feet below, down sides too slippery to navigate, even then, for fear of not surviving the Pittsburgh toys of slag and fire. Freight trains boiled black soot from hyperbolic stacks. The overground of that under world raged with fire a hundred feet above the hill, fought on the ground by boys and men, where before the 50's the oil well across from the two room school gushed against the window pane where they read the Psalms each morning. The hilly domain had a path around the back of a hill to a cave where white scorpions swam. These symbols, scorpion perhaps, come with a friendly visit, like one to the dark red dirt floor of the firehouse under the school, among hand crank engines and hoses, or under the stage in the basement, pitch and musty where events are covered by dreams of sailing a glider down stairs lined with boots and coats.

Trips to caves, outside and in Delaney's Cave outside Uniontown, known intimately, or to School House Cave in W VA, where a trough of water dripped from above overflowed in de-ionized refrigerated waves. No photographs, but memory extant, there is one record in the Easter Sunday 1953 Pittsburgh Press, where Gilbert Love printed an exploration written then. The underground includes these caves, psychologies, ideas that "could quite well have filled in the entrance too, with a thin layer of hard earth on top and with loose soil further down...but that plan is impossible." Realization comes with speaking.

Underworld in strip mines on shale, below creeks, under factories and further down, tombstone letters only held on by wax that comes off. If the letters fall, what of the stones, for only titanium caskets last, the cemeteries fail. Who doesn't know who

they are can say. Swept in the discovery, Isaiah says, "who is blind but my servant, and deaf like the messenger I send? Who is blind like the one committed to me, blind like the servant of the LORD." So in dark waters, in the fire, the mountain breathing air, "you have seen many things, but have paid no attention; your ears are open, but you hear nothing." It is not the nothing of the sound of air in ducts consigned to a cube, what the very doors and windows tell. This nothing is heard and not, the Nothing that is includes the not, the no that's not, the cold that's not, because we are all Jesus Christ and we are all crucified, says Sherwood Anderson, and not measured by what you see, the soul for either good or ill, which is not, the nothing not, the nothing that is, an overwhelming thing, the life sing stretch. It cannot down to being and not. There is no not. If no not then life celebrates the beautiful, ugly and true. The race is not to the swift and strong, the beautiful and rich but to the sick and departed, the lame and thwarted, the depraved by your standard, the blind deaf and dumb. This is the covenant.

The real issue among these difficulties is how to embrace that the torturer and victim are one. Shall we say the harvester of the corn and the corn are one, that life and death are one? (I wish Hawk's Call were available, it says, "a simple one no doubt, but flowering.") Where is there room for anyone to be pious who comes of a race of both, that all are human? Oh the judgments are great, at least among the onlookers. The participants, the sufferers say they wish no retribution. The torturers hope to hide their madness from the world even if each time they close their eyes or leave them open the memories recur. They seek deadness which will come of course, and they think they will die and be done, poor things, for in gaining the approval of their superiors, or in their fear, or in their sadism, they think to escape like some pensioner of a corporation thinks all the lies told in the service will be over at the end. But nothing ever dies. Death is the greatest lie, the greatest imposture of existence. Call it Universal Resonance. Do you want to hear how long life lives on after? Do good to some and not to others? Maybe it is argued that if death is a lie so is life. They are powerful but unequal actors however, for life includes death but death includes nothing but death, which is why the resurrection proves what it is not, as Dr. Donne says, "death thou shalt die."

Purgatorio

Why we must face disfigurement, the making monstrous, the comprachicoes? Shall it be a life of ease, an earth vacation, riches, dreams of ease unopposed? What then is the reason for being without obstacle? "Load every rift of your ore with gold," Keats tells Shelley. Do we want a life of such difficulty that it drives us to the end of vanity, crucified in flesh and spirit, all but broken? If we can't know who we are until then life must be a proof of character. Proof of suffering in the prisoners of B. Traven, *The Fixer*, Solzhenitsyn, the martyrs, Timmerman. The sufferers, the least of sufferers, cry in their pain, "why have you forgotten me?" But where the bottom is below which no one can sink, hasten to say it is not evil, our fate, another subject entirely, the humanity of the dispossessed shows a life of ease for what it is, an hallucination, the truth being that our life, even if we deny it, will end in death, and what we take there are our choices and the character formed by our inquisitions. This insight informs Operation Proper Exit, where Iraq vets revisit the site of their wounding. However revisiting the killing fields of all kinds heals even in virtual visitations.

The images of disfigurement, that he is marred as a man, are not exhausted fictionally. The character of Des Essentes's Huysmans, growing his poison plants in his greenhouse, connects with the Montressors of Poe and to an even greater gargoyle of pain on churches and in the Villa Palagonia outside Palermo, styled as a form of Sicilian Baroque, a garden of chimeras, some 600 human beasts, we should have said hearts, combined in every bizarre form of that which is not of wasted spirit, except in imagination, yet here it is in public ignoble, not the sculpture garden of Rodin. There's no point in inventory, what monster's this? Artists are still making monsters, the dragons of every pottery club making monstrous so that Rimbaud could rue he ever took the uninitiate to his sunken vision. That is a revelation too, the middle class human consumer in an avalanche of denial in pain and evil monstrous of the groves of maple, the mission of Updike. At least he could

write, but he was another misshapen. Being so you would think schools of poetry would hire their MAs to soup kitchens or volunteer at earthquakes with FEMA instead of summer workshops to confect the real stuff. Do not go gentle to that task.

The deniers of pain have to make it up while "on the back of this monster he puts another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of horns, that beats the beast in the Revelations all to nothing" (T.H. White, *The Scandal Monger*, 111), everywhere in front of their eyes, if not in the gardens. This is no hydroponic you buy reproductions of to take home from the labyrinth. You walk to find out who you are and come out changed and if you don't are forgot. This admits Gardner's Grendel humanity as appealing as our own. It admits the filth of the Ganges, the asylums to walk through. How not to contaminate, or be contaminated is no question of *Mandeville's Travels*, the Celtic Immram, Dante's descent, those avoidances of the human where "you make your back like the ground, like a street to be walked over," "appalled at his appearance so disfigured beyond that of a man, form marred beyond the human," "poured out like water," "heart turned to wax," "in the dust of death."

Why look at it? To get straight the path burn off the fumes of illusion, to recognize before the end.

PARADISO

To cut to the bone, or as Jeremiah says, lay open bone to the sun, Romantic love is of the intellect, not emotion. In its lesser forms it is an approach to woman and in its higher an approach to God. All denigration or debasement of woman is therefore insult to God, but as woman also represents body, denigration of the body is insult to God. These bodies are instrumentality of transport to ecstasy of love and of the divine, all intellectual ventures. If earlier reviews in *Notes from the Underground* or *A Sense of Reality* explore man fallen below himself into the hell Dante also traversed, this review of *The Figure of Beatrice* is of paradise written and hoped to be known, but no one comes closer than Williams' Dante's Beatrice, unless you know through heart and mind the One who made those stars that see into the bone, the

joints and marrow, and cannot any longer, as Matthias Baumann says, remember the world: "God has so made me that if I would think of the world God draws me away to the other side so that I cannot pull away from Him. As previously I could not come to God so now I cannot depart from Him" (Berks Co. Hist. Rev., Fall 1978, 136).

Williams dares to ask whether this high romantic love is a normal human experience. Asked against the background of marital ecstasy and spiritual virginity, immersion and overshadowing he has a lot of nerve. Don't worry, he won't answer it any more than you can get the personal experience by proxy (14). So it comes down to his image of a woman, Dante's and Williams', and what man would not subscribe his name? Nor should this be charged against him since it is the highest and best meditation as Dante shows, when carried to conclusion. So it comes down to marriage yes, but greater, to adoration, adoration, reflection and amplification toward the greater, the glory revealed, which is the symbol sought by the man and the woman that they are symbols of themselves. So Williams gives his first purpose here as divining "the Way of the Affirmation of Images as a method of process towards the in Godding of man" (16).

Dante began his poetic life with an intense personal experience. You don't need to share this I guess, but I do. Williams means of course Beatrice, but we shall soon see more of that experience made part of the poetry, of the Vita at least, but of Paradise too. All that Williams says of Beatrice in the Introduction is true also of Williams as well as Dante, of his view of image, symbol, subjective and objective states, and of the redeemed life; it likewise can be taken as true of Beatrice. After all she goes from a child of Dante's admiration to a figure leading him to the throne of God. There is no need however to get lost in Williams rehash of the mystic way of negation and affirmation in this trek. Directly approach in ignorance of the Blessed and immerse therein. Don't call practical theology what Williams does with Dante; it is a far better analysis of image and symbol that all writers love, but pointless without the intense personal experience that obviates the words anyway. How to get that experience is the work. Or it is no work. What do they call it, the overwhelming of the Holy Spirit, dissolution in love, what Mary

experienced, overwhelming grace that overwhelms too the acceptance and rejection opposites? Who cares, as they say, "now that I hold you close / It's only my confusion I have lost." But as Williams says, "we must not confuse poetry with religion" (11). No, it is Beatrice, Florence and Virgil. This introduces the Williams phrase, the "in Godding." What a flood this releases from John 1 and a hundred places where "to as many as received him to them gave he the power to become the sons of God!" Go and Google it. Williams says it is common and Dante takes that way.

Birthday Present

I don't suppose any of us do the right thing at the outset, but maybe the vine, the rose upon the wall blooms. I read this after searching for a fine copy for years and got the 1961 Farrar Straus & Cudahy as a birthday present. My mother's name is Beatrice and though appreciating William's *Taliesin Through Logres*, and a John Cullen's dissertation on Williams and all the book reviews indexed and chapters on the Arthurian, what he really admired was Dante and still magnificently did. It's clear that Dante's experience of Romantic love compels Williams and through him us all. Williams has written a lot of Wordsworth too, whose Prelude he cites about love and the imagination here in a support role, the personal experience of both, Wordsworth's of nature, Dante's of Beatrice. This is also a homage to CS Lewis' *Allegory of Love* of 1936. So Williams says Coleridge allowed that Dante does not elevate thoughts so much as send them deeper. The sub mariner will find in the *Paradiso* passages exceptionally well stated (Bergen's tr.). If anyone at first feared that Williams' peculiar doctrines of love in its guises, that the Oxford editor would stultify, he has redeemed that sentence with preferences all round, here to what Wordsworth said in reading the Prelude to Coleridge or there to what Shakespeare thought of Hamlet after writing Lear. His apologies for Dante's Vita Nuova are endearing, opposing the early against the later artist, always wonderful. However much substitutionary love one bear from his letters, from Lewis' absorption of his wife's Joy's sickness, Christian mysteries of the victim soul, these heroic proportions don't need to mystify. At the outset Williams' take on it is his of the Lord.

The Two Being One

Williams at one point in his letters tells his wife Michal he is going to discuss whether there is a Christian Literature, which others have asked as well. Eliot on the dust jacket blurb says Williams was "a man always able to live in the spiritual and material worlds at once, a man to whom the two worlds were equally real because they are one world." Something of this notion occurs where Williams says that what Dante sees is the glory of Beatrice in heaven (27), "as God chose her, unfallen, original or (if better) redeemed." This he says is not realer than the actual Beatrice with "many faults." "Both Beatrices are aspects of one Beatrice," which sums the Christian mystery, and as it is an ongoing meditation he illuminates it, that all are actual, both are real, the existence in heaven before the world began, the life lived in the flesh, that life redeemed, and the life later glorified, seated in the Redeemer's throne. It is convenient to contrast this with the Buddhist belief that this world is a mirage and that nothing is real.

The Meaning of Beatrice

It seems worth saying by the way that as he defines love it has, with the Romantic notion, a founding in intellect. Certainly it is both fire and water together (20), but Beatrice is the "glorious lady" of his mind, "la gloriosa donna della mia mente," which in the end is intellectual light full of love. So Williams calls Dante the greatest Romantic poet who "insists on the intellect at every step of the Way; of that threefold image--Beatrice, love, and intellect" (21). The theological words used to describe love in the Via. Beatitude and salvation were amended to lessers by priestly authorities in the publication (22),and subsequent scholars were to doubt Dante ever purposed such devotion of love, or indeed that he meant withal that the body of the "glorious and holy flesh" (Par XIV, 45)was hers (or ours) in the redeemed state where "the light, beauty, and love of the holy souls will grow greater through their bodies, and they will see more deeply into God" (23). And that is the meaning of Beatrice and of ourselves and of love. But of course you already know this who have visited at the pools of Donne.

The Mother of Love

Dante will cast Beatrice as forerunner of salvation in Williams' expose. We go up the ladder of love from "Love lies asleep in the heart till the beauty of a wise woman cause it...to awaken, and so in woman's heart does the worthiness of a man" (28). This is so opposite the view of woman of 18th century prophetic Pennnsylvania, tainted with Gnostic suspicions from Eve. Love goes before love as Primivera precedes Beatrice, what Williams says Dante will justify in Paradiso, "Love... there is a sense in which she is the Mother of Love, the God-bearer" (29). Thus, "the quality of love which is the beginning of the New Life is to become a quality of the final Consummation" (29). That Love is the final consummation and the initial shows how far Williams traces what in the present pornea is incomprehensible. This love however is Christian literature, or what Williams calls, Romantic Theology (30). See *Letters to Lalage*.

The Immortal

Both Taoism and Christianity represent poles of the immortal. In the Way of Powers (*siddhi*) vs. the Philosophical Way of Wisdom Alan Watts says: [*Hsien* Taoism] is a quest for immortality and supernormal powers that Hindu gymnosophists seek, as did Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh after a fashion, and "yogic" practices of Taoists in the -2nd and -1st centuries. “A *hsien* is an immortal--one who has purified his flesh from decay by special forms of breathing, diet, drugs, and exercises for preserving the semen comparable to those of Tantric Yoga" (*The Watercourse Way*, xxv).

As opposed to this form of Taoism H. G. Creel says that the *Huai Nan Tzu* Contemplative Taoism (which became Zen), "insists repeatedly that death and life are just the same, and neither should be sought or feared hence it ridicules breath control and gymnastics designed to perpetuate the body but in fact confuse the mind" (*What is Taoism?* 1970, xxvi). Watts says, "the indefinite enlargement of our powers and techniques seems in the end to be the pursuit of a mirage."
Lieh Tzŭ called the gymno "not merely foolish and futile, but even immoral" (Creel, 22). Facetiously assuming their mirage, these "immortals" in the desert of their own making got teases by Watts, "one who is immortal and who has control of everything that happens to him strikes me as self-condemned to eternal boredom, since he lives in a world without mystery or surprise." But people are highly vested in immortality so Russell Kirkland calls Creel's nicely reasoned *What is Taoism?* diatribe.

Beyond aspersions Creel believes, as opposed to Watts, that Lao

Tzu is *not* the work of one author, that the unity of voice however proves how good the editor is: “the editor was excellent and gives, on the whole, a remarkable appearance of homogeneity." Ancient texts differ from the modern in this. It is only fiction if I demythologize Borges as the work of a school of editors, that he was never born, but is called fact as much as Homer, Sappho, Moses, David, Plato, Moses, Beowulf. We have the odd companions of fiction that act like journalism and criticism but read like fantasy. Lao Tzu, Chuang Tzu editors and scholars believe in themselves and the editorial class more than in authors. The qualities Creel cites, repetitions in the text, terse and aphoristic style prove the opposite case, for these are primary facets of writers, along with contradiction and fine expression. To imagine such qualities from the hand of editors is a nineteenth century fantasy. A greater myth than Borges! Watts and Herman Wouk (*This Is My God*) agree these "*interpretatio europeica moderna*" (European desk scholars) demo primary sources as their livelihood because it buys promotion and tenure. Wendell Berry calls them somewhere the luxury politics of an academic islander.

Chuang Tzu was asked whether he would rather drag up the useless tree that was spared or the singing goose that was not (Legge, II, 27). Some editor thought that? 'There is a man over there with a long body and short legs, round shoulders and drooping ears. He looks as though he were sorrowing over mankind. I know not who he can be.' 'It is Confucius!' 'Bid him come hither' (#26).

To live long be useless, is this counsel. Or get eaten. **The invitation to usefulness, perfection and immortality is an invitation to be consumed**, which mystic quest is fulfilled with furtherment of personal ambitions and political purposes. Science and art are marketed as business. If you are a migrant you may be kidnapped, but if you are rich you might be too, but hunchbacks are not conscripted for war, the straight and strong are, therefore hunchbacks live. The straight tree is the first cut; the well of sweet water is the first exhausted (Legge, *Chuang Tzu*, II, 33). But if a man can **empty himself of himself** during his time in the world who can harm him (II, 31)? The skins of the close-furred fox and the elegantly-spotted leopard... occasion their own calamity (II, 29).

Watts feels that if you *do* certain things to live forever, that tends toward the Confucian. Before the age of resveratrol, C60 and HA, Taoist alchemy said all you had to do was sublimate energy up the spine. Breathe right, eat right, sit right, stop that wandering mind, but now the Transmortal says either wait for the Artilect, get new genes or hybridize yourself. Who knows how old you can be? It brings into question life itself if to be immortal you have to not live at all. Cut down to perfection, life free of mistake loses the thing Taoists seek most, spontaneity.

Stopped Minds

Smoothing the ocean by hitting it with a board is like stopping the mind. The mind anxious for its own anxiety feels the same with this compulsion as the body hit by the same flat board in zazen. Stopped minders can be petty making immortality a pinched nerve. Beauty wants to be exploited and used and conflicts with immortality. The gnarled pine, thorn and crag, hellebore bushes up the path of weasels (Legge, II, 93) get to be immortal because nobody wants them. So don’t go to college? Imperfection outlasts the straight and strong. If the singing goose is spared that is the exception.

Chuang-tzu says, "though seventy years of age, I am still making wheels," or as Andrew S. Mack found as he traveled to Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota at the age of 71 in 1908, two years after his last letter, and Amasa Clark who fathered four children after the age of 70, though he lived to 101, the chance of survival is best when there is no anxiety to survive, but **there is no greater anxiety than the effort to be immortal**, to "exhale and inhale, to puff out old breath and draw new, stretch and crane to live long, it is an induced Tao." Do not let the thoughts keep working anxiously (James Legge, *Chuang Tzu*, II, 77). Van de Wetering called it *Afterzen*, when he saw through the sham. Do you want nose, ear, eye and mind to wander like Chaung Tzu who invented Zen? Live.

Improved Immortals

Pretty supermarket foods are the immortals, because enhanced. Natural foods, unimproved, or if you like, the life and death

herbs. The improved "immortals" are desiccate, ragged, empty of nutrition **when dried**. Then the unimproved are full, well formed, nutritious. This analogy between two corns resembles people who cut their own lawns, do their own dishes, repair themselves by themselves, weed their gardens, do their own books, clean their house, teach their children as opposed to those who hire maintenance so they can seek to be immortal.

What are improved roads for but more traffic? Why more traffic, but more development? Why more development, but more trade? Thoroughfare, freeway, inflation, consumption pave a way to the empty fritterless corn. Happily there is a cure for immortality.

Immortal but at what price, as if we thought it free. Evidently not free, and we have Jonathan Swift to tell us so, it's not immortality we want anyway, it's youth, which means the same headless flinging enthusiasm we already know. Who are these old men who proctor the golden age? They are not wild and crazy guys. They attained immorality without having any fun. But that's the point, immortality is serious business because it is unnatural and has to be worked at. You need to go in for checkups, get updates like Internet Explorer whose program is never complete. Just a few more nanobots. It sounds more like the end than the beginning of life to be immortal. If you don't have any follies what is the point of life at all, that is unless you go back to St. John or somebody who says life is for praise. Let everything that has breath praise Him.

Who knew they cared that much about immortality. Among Catholics it was the sin of presumption to say with St John, "that you may know that you have eternal life," the point being this is not something one should know, although a young man would scarcely accept that even as a theory. What this leads to is that immortality is an idea, but if you ask where it is most common and what are the kinds, among the Greeks, the Romans and free floating down, it comes with nuance.

We hardly know what immorality is. Is it physical living forever in the body? Impossible, nothing physical is immortal. Ok, is it spiritual, kind of a **struldbrug** in Jonathan Swift's novel *Gulliver's Travels*, the name given to those humans in the nation

of Luggnagg, who are born seemingly normal, but are in fact immortal. But though struldbrugs do not *die*, they do continue aging. The evil of immortality without eternal youth is easily recognized by the red dot.

Avarice is the necessary consequence of their immortal old age like the nine heart transplants of Rockefeller. In time they became proprietors of the whole nation, so are still running the show, engrossed in civil power, and greater and greater acts of… which, for want of their ability to manage, end in ruin. Chinese Taoism placed their island of the Immortals, Mount Penglai eastward from China. Swift places the struldbrugs near Japan.

--Commentary On the First two Sections of Chuang Tzu, The Book of Zhuangzi

"The first two sections of Chuang Tzu constitute one of the fiercest and ***most dazzling assaults*** *ever made not only upon man's conventional system of values, but upon his conventional concepts of time, space, reality, and causation as well" (Burton Watson, 5).*

You might think from this that Burton Watson or anybody reading *Chuang Tzu* could catapult right out of the ordinary into the "unconventional," that conventioneers could sit cross legged on the ground, legs askew at their death, hair reasonably long, white among the miniature green roses. Amid the rows and rows they look as much like garden statues as flesh and blood. That anyway was my parting with Henry Burlage in his last days when the stillness comes. This is no assault, emptying as the wind blows,

but it is not sought.

□□ The Wind, The Wind! Free Yourself From the World!

Calmed then from the worry that his three universes had caused, a simpleton sat beside Zhuangzi. It is necessary that universes spin out as gardening. That told the story. "Don't worry about the corn or sleep out in September to hear it breathe." Mr. Bein' Not Bein' man outside experience said, "anytime somebody sums it up they kill it." Burton Watson, good to say, says, "free yourself from the world" (Basic Writings, 3). Then he kills, for the greatest impediment to Zhuangzi is *wu-wei*.

We-Wei Plenty

Poetry or drivel, editor Legge, or Burton, whoever abstracts wu-wei, flops it back on Chuang Chou to judges **their conformity to their abstract.** Was the Lord Jesus a Christian? You belong to this group when you say we-wei plenty and quote the Sermon on the Mount, get close as a seeker reading theology! Abstracted back, the original won't fit. Tolkien proved this was done with "Beowulf: The Monsters and the Critics." Makers of porridge with elbow patches and paychecks know the dialects, but not the life.

I.

We combat a moth, said Mr. Phang wing cloud! A flyin' mountain fish changed bird "rouses itself," transports to the pool of heaven, meaning South Ocean. Look inside, is it a bird or a man or a plant? It's a yarrow tree! The breeze horse fields quiver in its beams. It's a tortoise! Molecules of dust crackle. The crocs that inhabit worlds come here after the other species leave.

When I first learned that "the first two sections of Chuang Tzu constitute "one of the fiercest and most dazzling assaults" cedar branches shot up out of my hands. I couldn't sit at the front. My friends sat at the back in Vol. II, not just crocs, but tortoise and yarrow, skull and stump, sheep, cicada, singing goose, pastures, spring shells and luminous unembodied multi-form white *eldarica* colts. Weigh the pig, its paunch and hoof, hellebore and

weasel, you know the kind, the jack of all trades that masters the mind.

Zhuangzi leaves no union moot. That should read, onion. We learn about the onion moot when we reach the age of no consent. That used to be 70. When we get there now it is 80 and the bar is raised. Mayhap now it is older. But the youth of age will you "if you're not 70 what can you know?" What can cicada and little dove, small know of great, youth of age? That's offensive talk in a democracy. "The experience of a few years does not reach to the many," so crack the nut. Then morning cloud dew sprouts.

Mr. Big Phang figured Wind was the first suspect. Wind is like water (I, 2) in the matter of their contention, but *Wind is greater than water!* That argument, if it "be not great it will not support great wings," bore the blue sky on the back of Mr. Phang and flew off south. Offended cicada and little dove thought it was super how Phang could flew. But didn't Phang have to pound grain at night to make dinner?

There is a mature tree called Ming-ling. It is 500 years old or so. To it spring and fall are the same. This tree is like tortoise that lives longer than man. One old man, Takhun, lived 8000 years. Have grasshopper, cicada, little dove lived enough to see the fruition of the promises of God? Phang Bird, Ming-ling Tortoise, Man Phang Zu lived 700 years in vigor. It is out of this life Zhuangzi wrote. It comforts to know he thought it worth writing. Quail sees on Phang's mountain back those wings of cloud sky. Yung-tze of Sung laughs at the difference of small and great, youth and age. He is of age. His universes [a universe is his own child] spin their desire. He thought "though the whole world praised he would not have done more and though all condemned he would not have done less. Say what you will, this stopped the piety of the complaining quail.

The mature measure of Chuang Tzu is "still he had not planted himself firmly in the right position." What is the right position? You will not know. Lieh-tze also rode the wind, but with indifference of the external, "but though he had to walk, still he had to wait." This walk, wait, stop is the crux. *Along the road where the fire is out the last night sleeps.*

Legge tickets Chaung Tzu for audacity of "extravagant style," as if in the old view of the Book, "Kwang-tze intended himself as the great phang" (I, 128). Conditioned by Whitman and Rimbaud we can accept the fantastic, but the end of Book I smarts with talk of "a Spirit-like man whose flesh and skin were smooth as ice and white as snow" (171).

The division of the small and great ends up with what to do about the calabash. What use is it, or, what use is the large Ailantus or Phang for that matter, so large and useless to quail, or for that matter, me? And what about the lantana? The good news in Section II is that a great wind blows through these apertures.

II.

So what is the first element? Shall we call up Anaxagoras to manipulate numbers? How does one become two? Zhuangzi actually answers it. The first element is wind.

Once there was a large geographical giant, a man of the south suburb who fell asleep on his stool. He lost consciousness, as they say. Neither he nor we know what happened, "I just lost myself" (176). Even though all the western mystics know exactly what happened, he doesn't answer. Compared to slaked lime, what good is cosmology?

The Great Wind

The notes of Man, Earth and Heaven are likened to breath blowing through a bamboo flute. The great Wind blows through their "myriad apertures." Their promontory, the flute forest trees of earth, the caves, the Hopi blowhole, are like the nose, mouth and ear. The sounds that issue from them are caused by wind. So the world and its people are a bamboo flute and there are nine openings. To judge the sounds requires separating small and great, young and old. The whole complex interacts like a failing "music from an empty tube, or mushrooms from the warm moisture, [he doesn't like mushrooms] that succeed one another day and night and come before us, and we know not whence they sprout" (179). Mushroom is a word for dialectic that sprouts large and small, internals and externals.

"Given the body, with its hundred parts, its nine openings, and its six viscera, all complete in their places, which do I love the most?" (180). The nine openings by the way extend to the whole of the academy, science, philosophy, argument, affirmation and negation of predetermined mind. These are all described by the saying, "he went to Yueh today and arrived at it yesterday" (180). There is more of this *AfterZen* stuff. A "nobody will have heard of Buddha tomorrow," speech that comes from a mind not made up. And if it is made up it is pomp.. So why don't cha just stop!

Opposite views attract each other (182). He wants to stand "in the center of the of thought where he can respond without end to the changing views" of the affirming and denying (183). He resolves it with the joke. What is a horse?
The universes of man will dispute. His sons will tell him what is a horse. It is different from what he said was a horse. They point that out, affirm and deny horsing around. That's it. "Separation led to completion, then ensued dissolution" (184). He says let us give up this devotion to our own views and adopt the "ordinary," meaning the simple use of things, then stop (184). The ordinary is so arcane it can't be found among the immortals. Immortality, sageness, the superior man are all synonyms for idiot. We give

everything to restore the commonplace.

So whether there is nothing or something (185), the subject of

all Greek thought, the biology of abortion and the cosmology of Stephen Hawking are all decay of thought, wind, music. Even though "the scintillations of light from the midst of confusion and perplexity are indeed valued by the sagely man" (187), stop. Begin thought with, since Heaven and Earth "are spoken of as one, must there not be room for speech? One and Speech are two; two and one are three" (188) Stop.

"Let us abjure such procedure and simply rest here" (188), he says. Otherwise "we have the saying, Disputation is a proof of not seeing clearly" (189). Too late for me to offer my dispute of his number of existence with no existence, that if one were to say there "was no existence before the beginning of that no existence" (187) than no existence would be one because it is named. Not being proves existence is! Which fact has brought it to be! QED! Stop. When you name or not name you bring to be! QED. It's like a telegram. Stop. How do you know but every bird that cuts the airy way: "when I say, I know it, I really am showing that I do not know it... and when I say I do not know am showing that I do" (191)? Stop.

Such argument revolves around Job's three friends, or if you like, Socrates in the Agora. These result in leaving the real for dreams where "the stupid think they are awake" (195). Changeable beings, shadows, penumbras: "The penumbra asked the Shadow, Formerly you were walking on, and now you have **stopped**...how is it that you are so without stability?" (196) Then the Butterfly Kau said, "I, Kwang Kau dreamt I was a butterfly flying about. Suddenly I awoke and was myself again, the veritable Kau" (197). So which is which in the Transformation of Things?"

“I mean to say of this metaphor that the ordinary is more real than dream, that in the metaphor of all animals, butterflies, cicadas, centipedes, elk, fish, bird--and plants, mugwort, bamboo, ailanthus is the way the sounds the wind blows from the apertures are heard, for otherwise affirming and denying dissolve everything. Whatever we are is a reflection of this in the mirror behind and in the animal, plant people mirrors that speak,” said that early humorist of China who did third century stand up.

Sympathies to all. AE Reiff, 2003, 2010, 2022